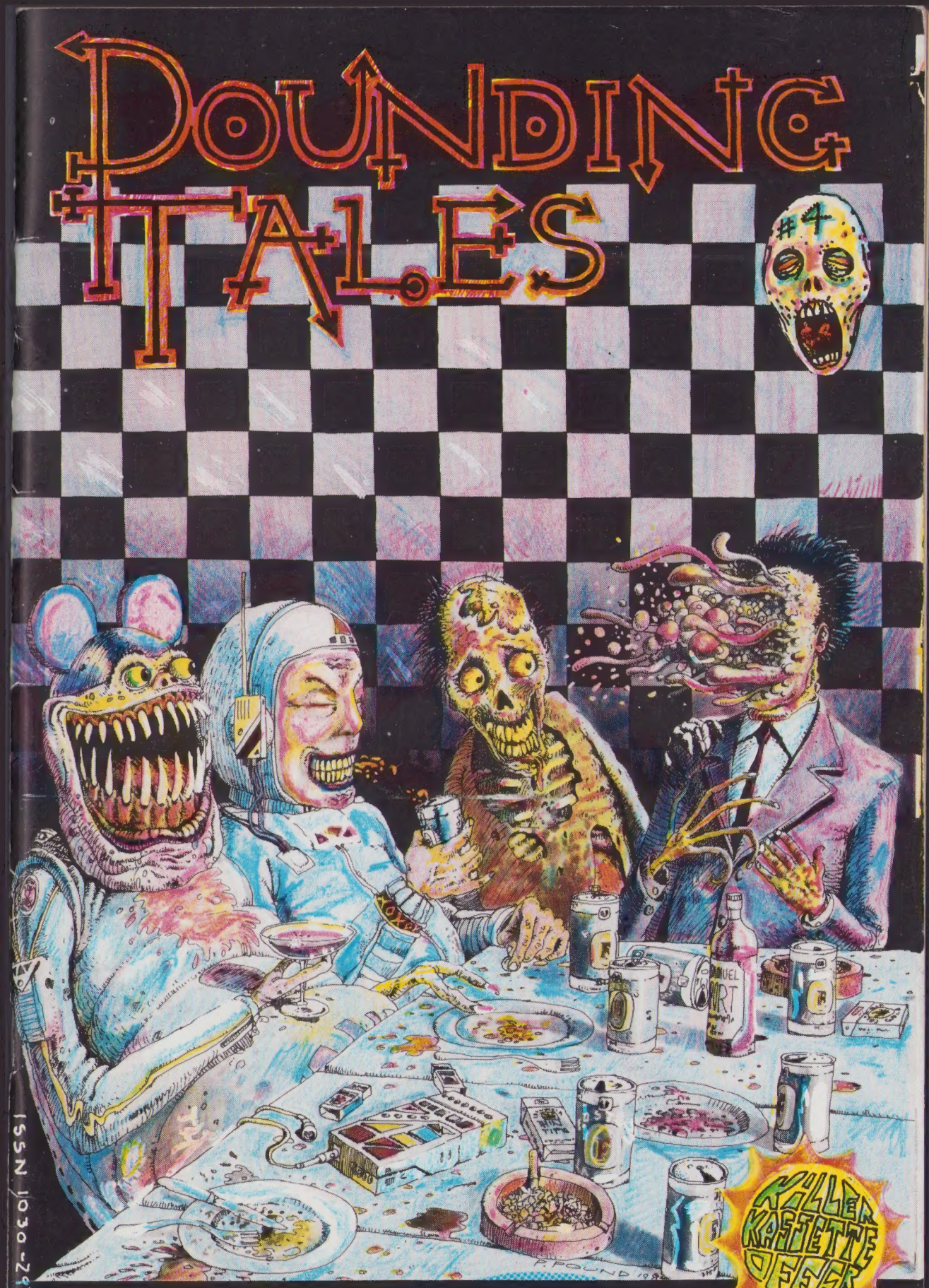
POUNDING TALES

#4



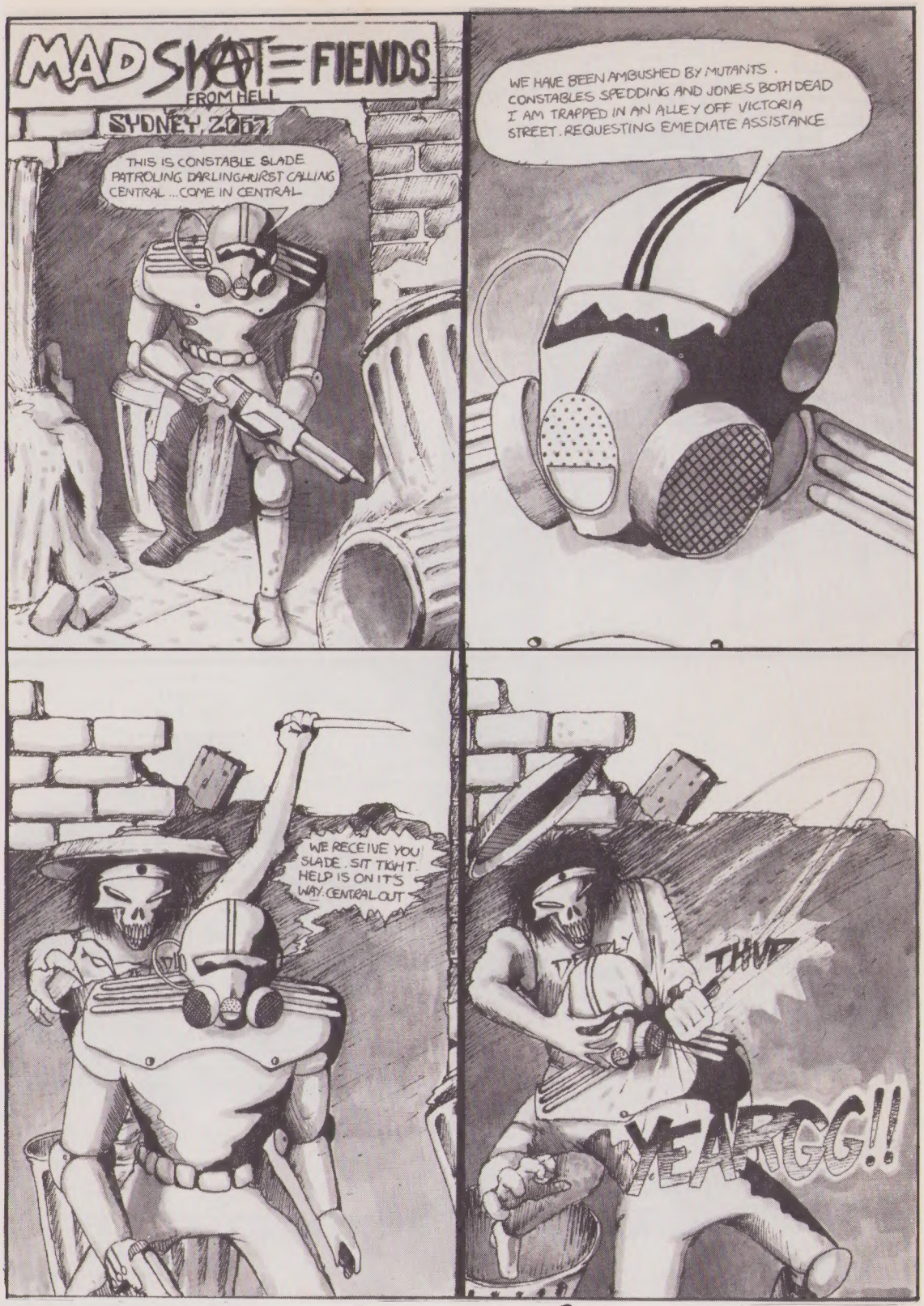
ISSN 1030-293X

RATED 7·6 ON THE RICHTER SCALE

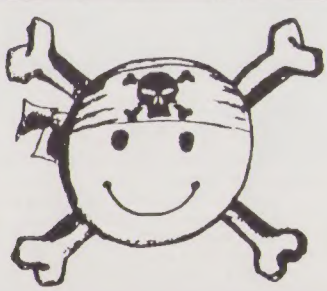
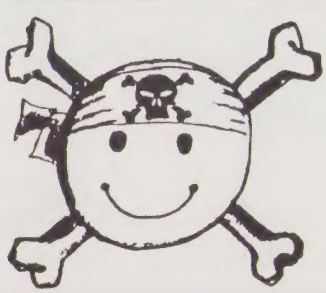
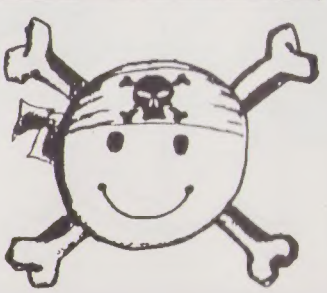
...an submit work — stories, strips, music — send us lots of letters and subscribe. The price of the mag has been boosted a dollar, you'll see why in the next issue. Pounding Tales is published quarterly. All contents are copyright of the individual contributors. JUNE 1988

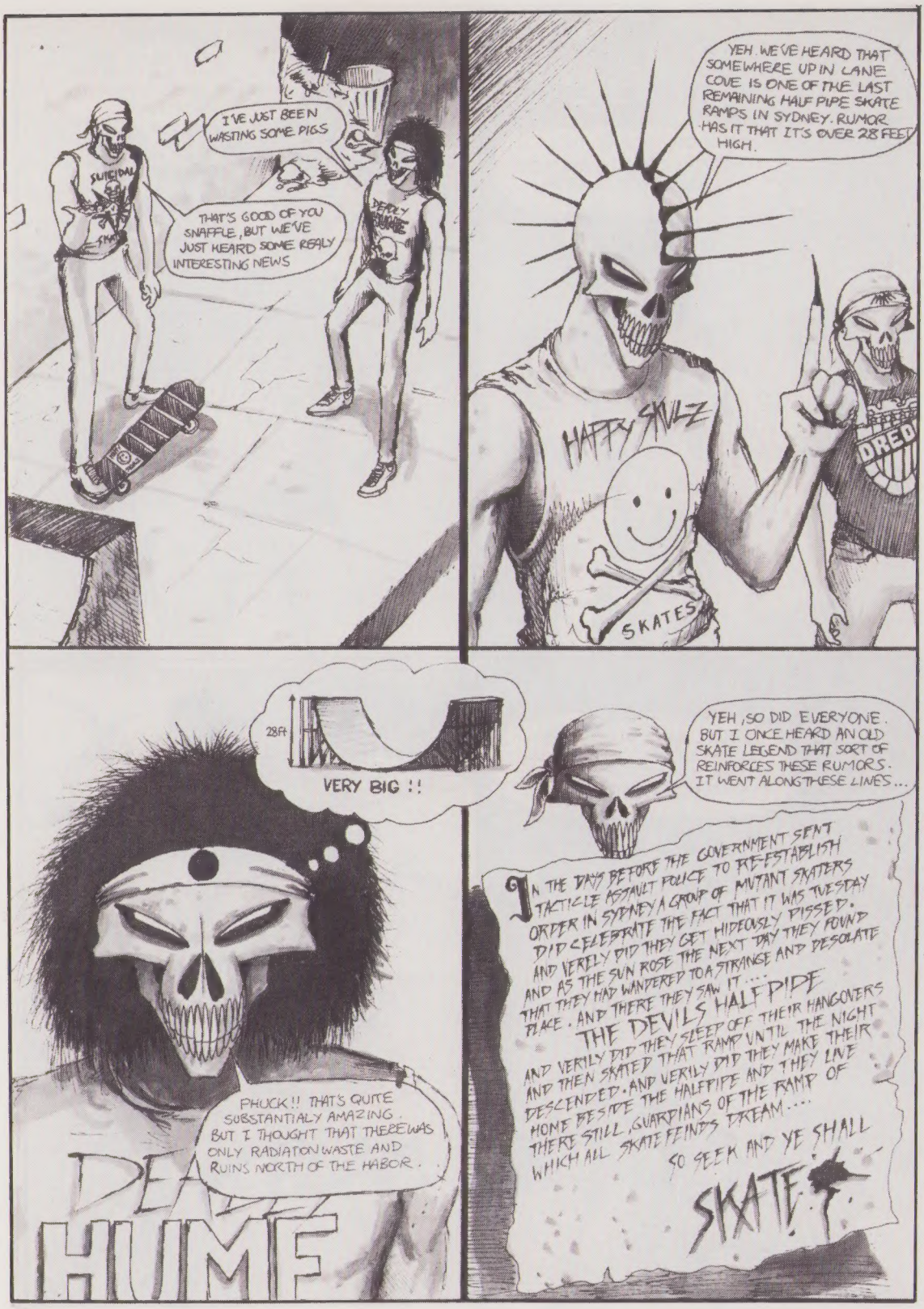
DISTRIBUTION: WATERFRONT RECORDS
MANIC EX-POSEUR
(wheres the Big Simp)

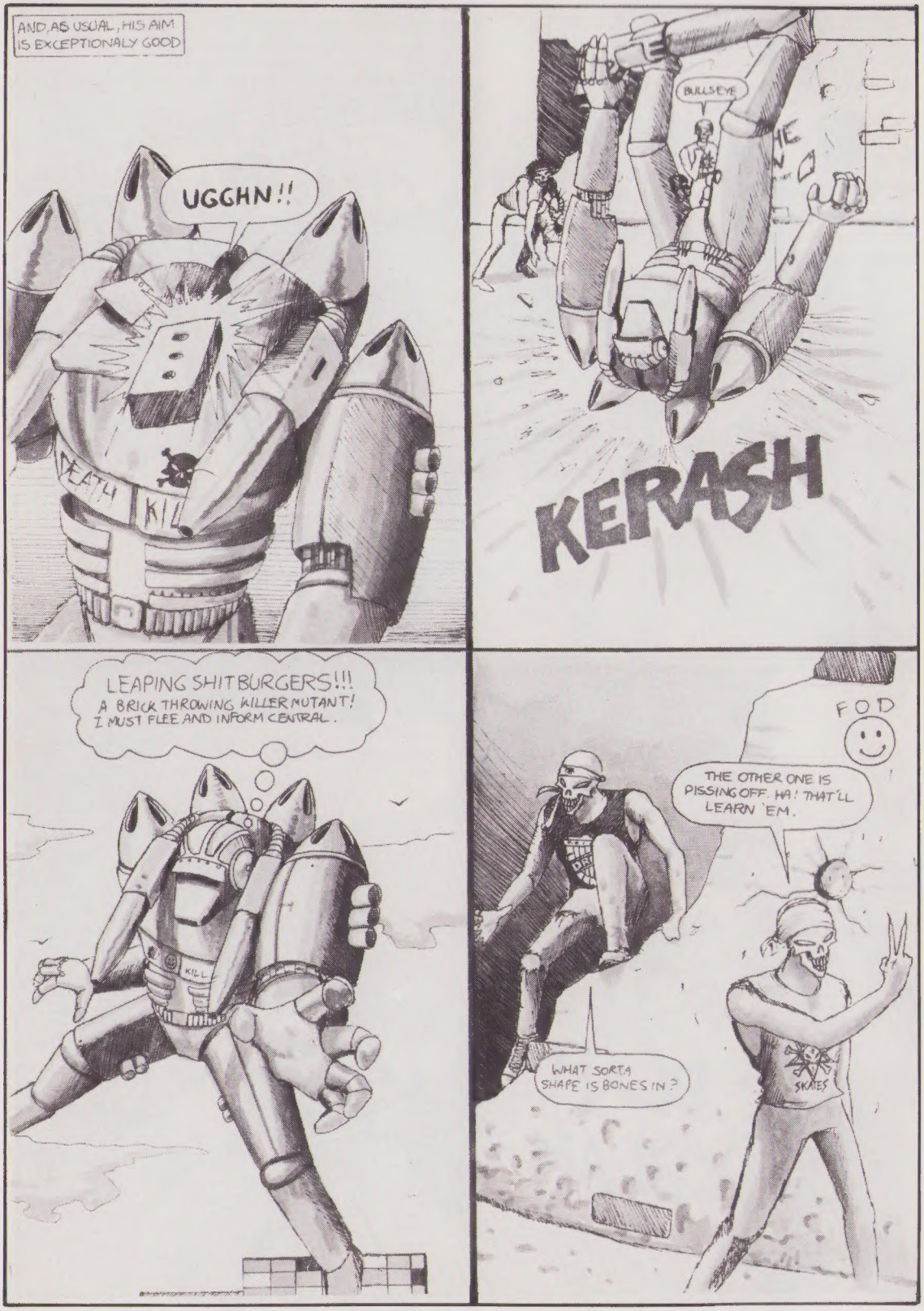
WRITE TO: POUNDING TALES
P.O. BOX 16 REDFERN 2016
AUSTRALIA (02) 6651421

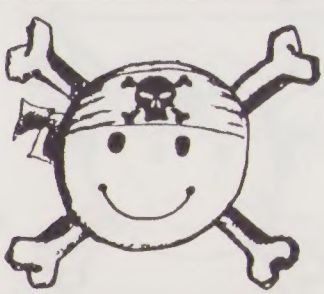

MAD SKATE FIENDS
FROM HELL
SYDNEY, 2067
THIS IS CONSTABLE SLADE PATROLING DARLINGHURST CALLING CENTRAL ... COME IN CENTRAL
WE HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED BY MUTANTS . CONSTABLES SPEDDING AND JONES BOTH DEAD I AM TRAPPED IN AN ALLEY OFF VICTORIA STREET. REQUESTING EMEDIATE ASSISTANCE
WE RECEIVE YOU SLADE . SIT TIGHT. HELP IS ON IT'S WAY. CENTRAL OUT
THUD
YEARGG!!

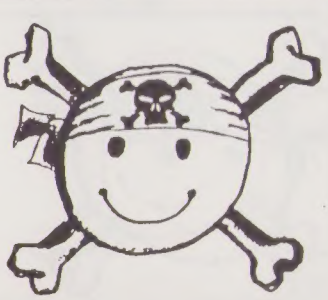
THEY'LL JUST NEVER LEARN THAT THEY SHOULDN'T PLAY IN THIS PART OF TOWN. BUT I THINK I MIGHT MAKE TRACKS BEFORE HIS ASSISTANCE ARRIVES...
DEADLY HUME
LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BIF, BONES AND K.K. ARE MAKING GOOD USE OF THEIR NEW STREET RAMP....
KILL
FUCK OFF AND DIE
THE PIG
STIGGY
BIG
HOOOWEEE
KILL
FUCK OFF AND DIE
THE PIG
STIGGY
BIG
HO THERE SKATIN' BUDDIES
SUICIDAL SKATES
STREET CYCLO
GOT THE PASSENGER
ZAAKK
HO THERE SNAFFLE WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

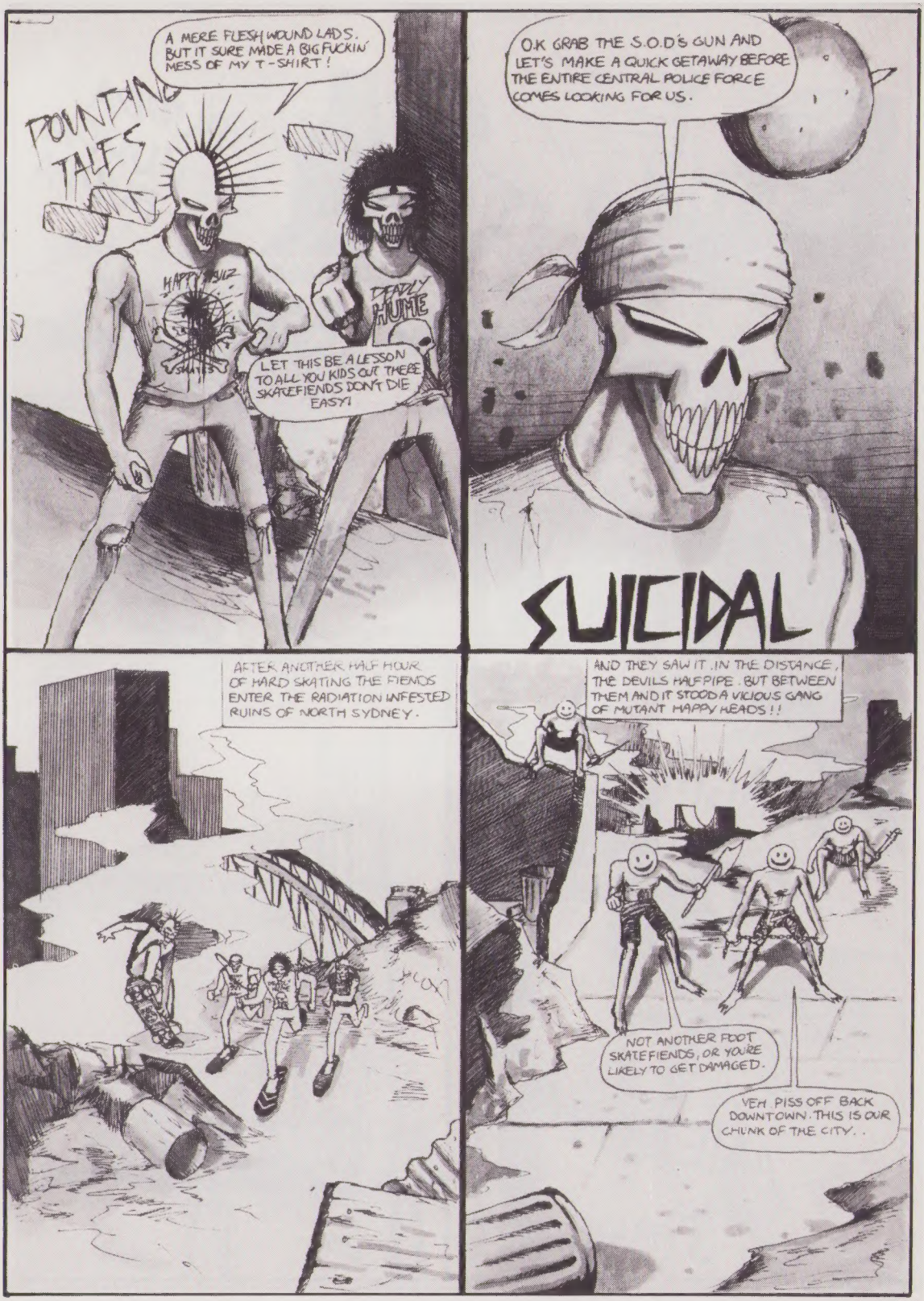




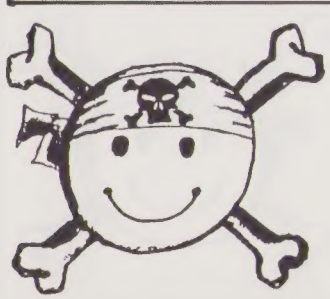
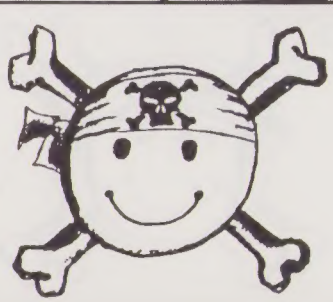
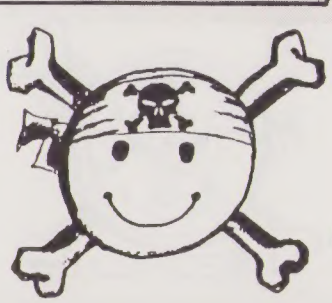

I'VE JUST BEEN WASTING SOME PIGS
THAT'S GOOD OF YOU SNAFFLE, BUT WE'VE JUST HEARD SOME REALY INTERESTING NEWS
YEH. WE'VE HEARD THAT SOMEWHERE UP IN LANE COVE IS ONE OF THE LAST REMAINING HALF PIPE SKATE RAMPS IN SYDNEY. RUMOR HAS IT THAT IT'S OVER 28 FEET HIGH.
HAPPY SKULZ
SKATES
28ft
VERY BIG !!
PHUCK!! THAT'S QUITE SUBSTANTIALY AMAZING. BUT I THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS ONLY RADIATON WASTE AND RUINS NORTH OF THE HABOR.
YEH, SO DID EVERYONE. BUT I ONCE HEARD AN OLD SKATE LEGEND THAT SORT OF REINFORCES THESE RUMORS. IT WENT ALONG THESE LINES...
IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT SENT TACTICLE ASSAULT POLICE TO RE-ESTABLISH ORDER IN SYDNEY A GROUP OF MUTANT SKATERS DID CELEBRATE THE FACT THAT IT WAS TUESTAY AND VERILY DID THEY GET HIDEOUSLY PISSED. AND AS THE SUN ROSE THE NEXT DAY THEY FOUND THAT THEY HAD WANDERED TO A STRANGE AND DESOLATE PLACE. AND THERE THEY SAW IT...
THE DEVILS HALF PIPE
AND VERILY DID THEY SLEEP OFF THEIR HANGOVERS AND THEN SKATED THAT RAMP UNTIL THE NIGHT DESCENDED. AND VERILY DID THEY MAKE THEIR HOME BESIDE THE HALFPIPE AND THEY LIVE THERE STILL, GUARDIANS OF THE RAMP OF WHICH ALL SKATE FEINDS DREAM....
SO SEEK AND YE SHALL
SKATE.
DEAD HUMF

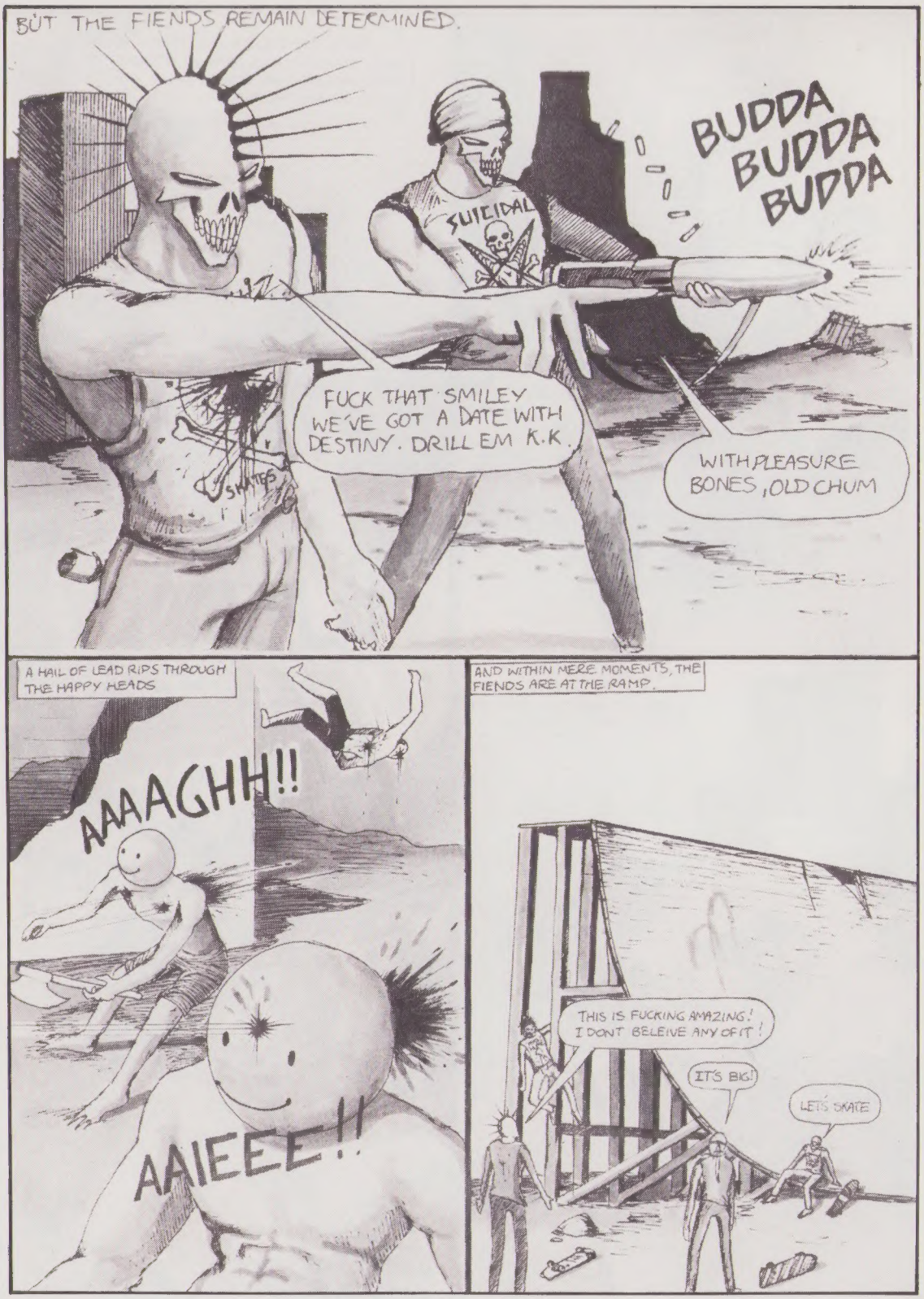

AND, AS USUAL, HIS AIM IS EXCEPTIONALY GOOD
UGGHN!!
DEATH
KIL
BULLSEYE
KERASH
LEAPING SHITBURGERS!!! A BRICK THROWING KILLER MUTANT! I MUST FLEE AND INFORM CENTRAL.
KILL
FOD
THE OTHER ONE IS PISSING OFF. HA! THAT'LL LEARN 'EM.
WHAT SORT A SHAPE IS BONES IN?
SKATES



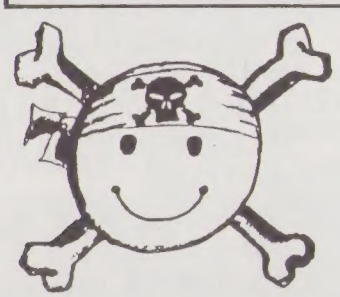


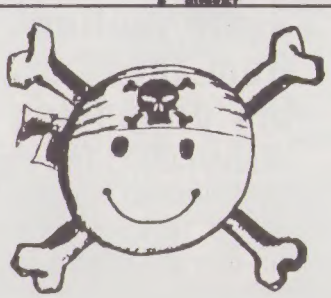

POUNDING TALES
A MERE FLESH WOUND LADS. BUT IT SURE MADE A BIG FUCKIN' MESS OF MY T-SHIRT!
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO ALL YOU KIDS OUT THERE SKATEFIENDS DON'T DIE EASY!
O.K GRAB THE S.O.D'S GUN AND LET'S MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY BEFORE THE ENTIRE CENTRAL POLICE FORCE COMES LOOKING FOR US.
SUICIDAL
AFTER ANOTHER HALF HOUR OF HARD SKATING THE FIENDS ENTER THE RADIATION INFESTED RUINS OF NORTH SYDNEY.
AND THEY SAW IT. IN THE DISTANCE, THE DEVILS HALFPIPE. BUT BETWEEN THEM AND IT STOOD A VICIOUS GANG OF MUTANT HAPPY HEADS!!
NOT ANOTHER FOOT SKATEFIENDS, OR YOU'RE LIKELY TO GET DAMAGED.
YEH PISS OFF BACK DOWNTOWN. THIS IS OUR CHUNK OF THE CITY..

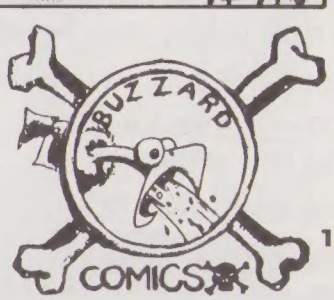





BUT THE FIENDS REMAIN DETERMINED.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
SUICIDAL
FUCK THAT SMILEY WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH DESTINY. DRILL EM K.K.
WITH PLEASURE BONES, OLD CHUM
A HAIL OF LEAD RIPS THROUGH THE HAPPY HEADS
AAAGHH!!
AAIEEE!!
AND WITHIN MERE MOMENTS, THE FIENDS ARE AT THE RAMP.
THIS IS FUCKING AMAZING! I DONT BELEIVE ANY OF IT!
IT'S BIG!
LETS SKATE

AND THEN A THOUGHT CAME TO BIF....
WOULDN'T IT BE ABSOLUTELY BLOODY TYPICAL IF IT SUDDENLY EXPLODED FOR NO APPARANT REASON WHATSOEVER BEFORE WE GOT A CHANCE TO SKATE IT.
DREDD
AND, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT.
FATOOM
THE INEXPLICABLE DETONATION LEAVES THE FIENDS SOMEWHAT WORSE FOR WEAR..
UUUGGHHN...
OH DAEN! THE RAMP EXPLODED FOR NO APPARANT REASON WHATSOEVER BEFORE WE GOT A CHANCE TO SKATE IT.
I KNOW
I HURT
IT'S TIMES SUCH AS THESE THAT ONE IS FORCED TO PONDER UPON THE MERITS OF SKATEING! I THINK I MIGHT TAKE UP TAXIDERMY AS A NEW HOBBY.
MORAL
NEXT TIME YOU SKATE A 28 FOOT HIGH RAMP IN THE MIDDLE OF A RADIO-ACTIVE WASTE, WEAR YOUR PADS
IT MIGHT BLOW UP!
WHAT NEXT?
WHO CAN TELL UNTIL NEXT TIME!?!
FIN






BUZZARD
COMICS

yyyyyyyyy REV eeee

MORLBUND GOES OUT
THE CHAOS YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS STARTED BY ONE QUESTION...
Morte Scrawl
STARRING ART + cadaver
WHERE WE GOING TO?
ALL NEW!
TAXI
SHUDUP!
WHAT A BARSTID! SHITHEAD!
GET PORKED WITH
BUD DWEISER
HAM IT UP!
BITCH SLAG!!
CAB
22
OTO 161
666
CREECH!
TAXI
WATCH OUT!!!
MARDRE MIA!
CRUNCH!
CAREENING CATACLYSMICALLY THE TAXI VEERS TERMINALLY TOWARDS AN OFFICE WORKER.
ALWAYS BROKE! YOU'RE A PIG HEADED SEXIST!
YEAH! SO WHAT!

HA! HA!
WHAT AM I TO DO?
SHUT UP MOR!!
HA HA!
SHALL WE GO?!
AAY.
YEAH IM BORED!
NOW HOW DID THIS START?
HEY YOUSA CUMABACK!
THIS WAY
GONNA BEHAVE?
SHIT YEAH!
EXCUSE ME. WHERE'R THE DRUGS?
OOH! LOOK AT WHATS ARRIVED! HAHA HA!
PISS OFF!
THIS IS IT!
I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME DIVINE XTC RECENTLY!
SO then Mc ACKER SAID...
HAH!
OH! IS THIS THE BEST HE COULD GET?
SEX
I NEED SOMETHING MORE!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DRINK?
THERES SOME CASKA LA PUKE THERE!

POST MODERNISM SHOULD OPPOSE THE STRUCTURLISTS
RECIEVED A NEW RX SYSTEM!
MEANWHILE MORIBUND STAGGERS AROUND BLINDLY
BUP! MEBBE SUMPIN AIR
SLOOKIN POZIBLE!
COSMIC!
AH KNOID!
UPON INGESTATION THIS PROVES TO BE AN EVIL CHEMICAL COCK TAIL!
ZNORT! AARRGH! SNARF!
ZNORT! AHARHAR
SHAZZINK!
AAGHGAR HATE KIN DOEN! SMASH!
SPINNIN OUT! BAD! WHUT BEHIND THIS DOOR?

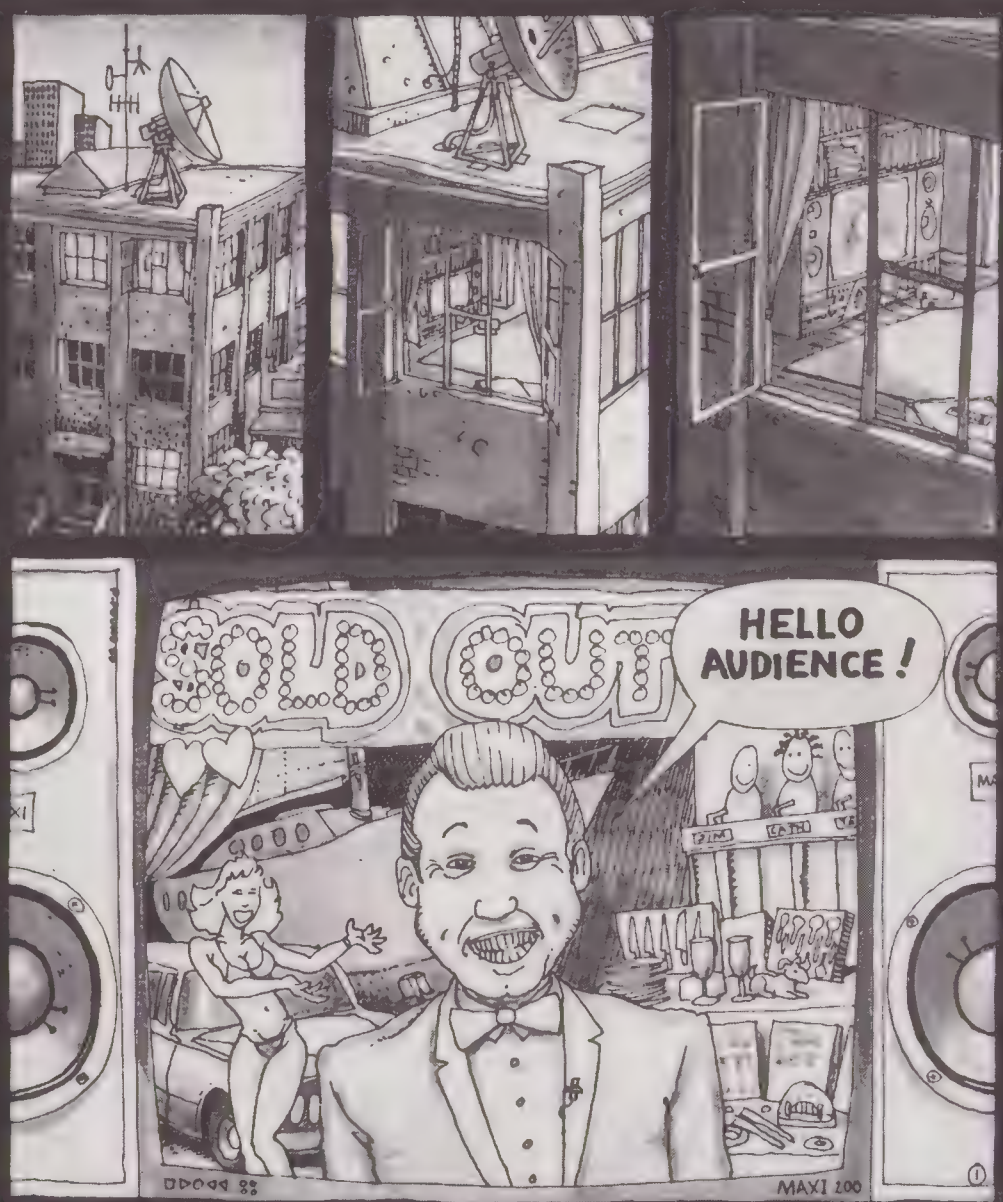
OOH YESS
I'M GONNA CUT YOU'RE FESTERING BALLS OFF!
STUFF THIS BLADE DEEP!
WHO'S HIS GUY?
WHOOPS. I SNT THAT SHARONS SHIRT! HEY!
TAKE OFF SHIT FACE!
MOR!
THWNK!
OH I SAY!
KYNG!
HUH?
YOU'D BEST GO NOW!
CLUMSY OAF
I'LL DO IM IN
UH?
ARE YOU LISTENING MORON?
WHO INVITED YOU HERE!
WHEREMI!
SHUT YOUR YAPPING BITCH!
YOU'RE DEAD!
OOH LISTEN TO THAT
DELIGHFUL! HA! HA! HA!
I HAVE A STRONG DESIRE TO KILL!!
SUCH OBSCENITY!

M MSORRY JIS FUGGED UP!
PISS ORF BEFORE I CUT YA!
GOOD SHOW!
I LEFT THE PLONK HERE IM SURE!
SGOOD FINDINIS!
SIDE STEPPING STEAMING POOLS ON THE SIDE WALK MORIBUND HEADS HOME
NO CIGRETS!
THWAK
REALLY ROGER!
FUMBLE FUMBLE
WHERE ARE MY KEYS?
S.H.I.
JUST HAVE TO CLIMB THROUGH THE WINDOW!
BOY M GONNA CRASH!
SHHUFFLE
AH! AT LAST!
KATHUMP! THUMP!
SHUFFLE SHUFFLE
KILOMP!
GEORGE! GEORGE! WAKE UP! A PROWLER!

WHODYA WANT?
GEORGE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?
RING THE POLICE!
NO WAIT!
OH SHIT! OH GOD!
HELLO POLICE?
FOUL BEAST!
HELLO? HELLO?
COME BACK!
KERASH!
IS THAT?
THATS HIM!
THWAP!
HA! HA! SOBER UP IN HERE!
HUMMMNNRATTLINNMMM
I FEEL LIKE SHIT!
IT NEVER ENDS! OH!
INCARCERATED IN A CELL. CHILL WIND BLOWS FROM THE AIR CONDITIONER UNTIL MORNING!

FUN TV

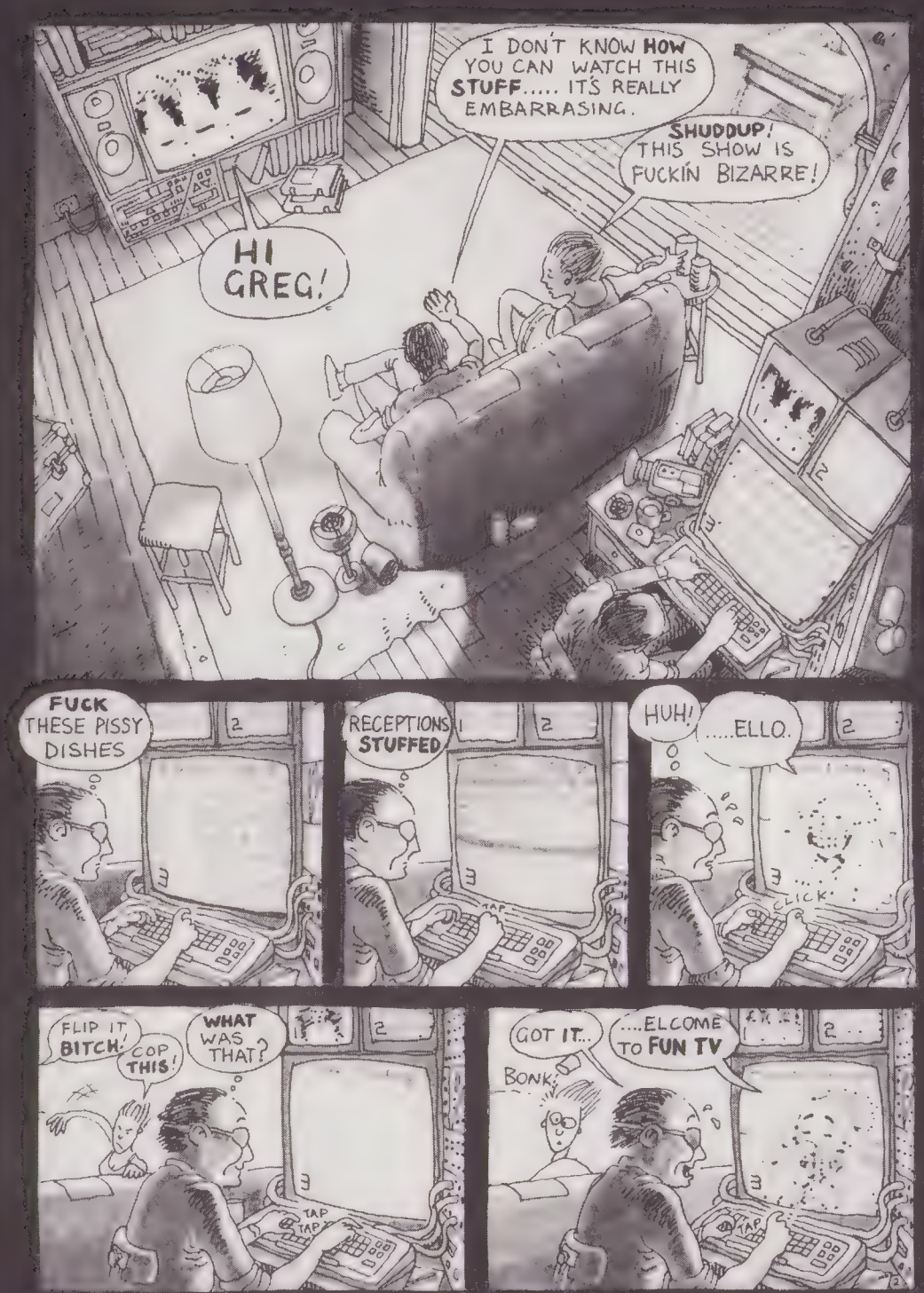
©1990
STORY: MILO
ART : AXIL



HOT

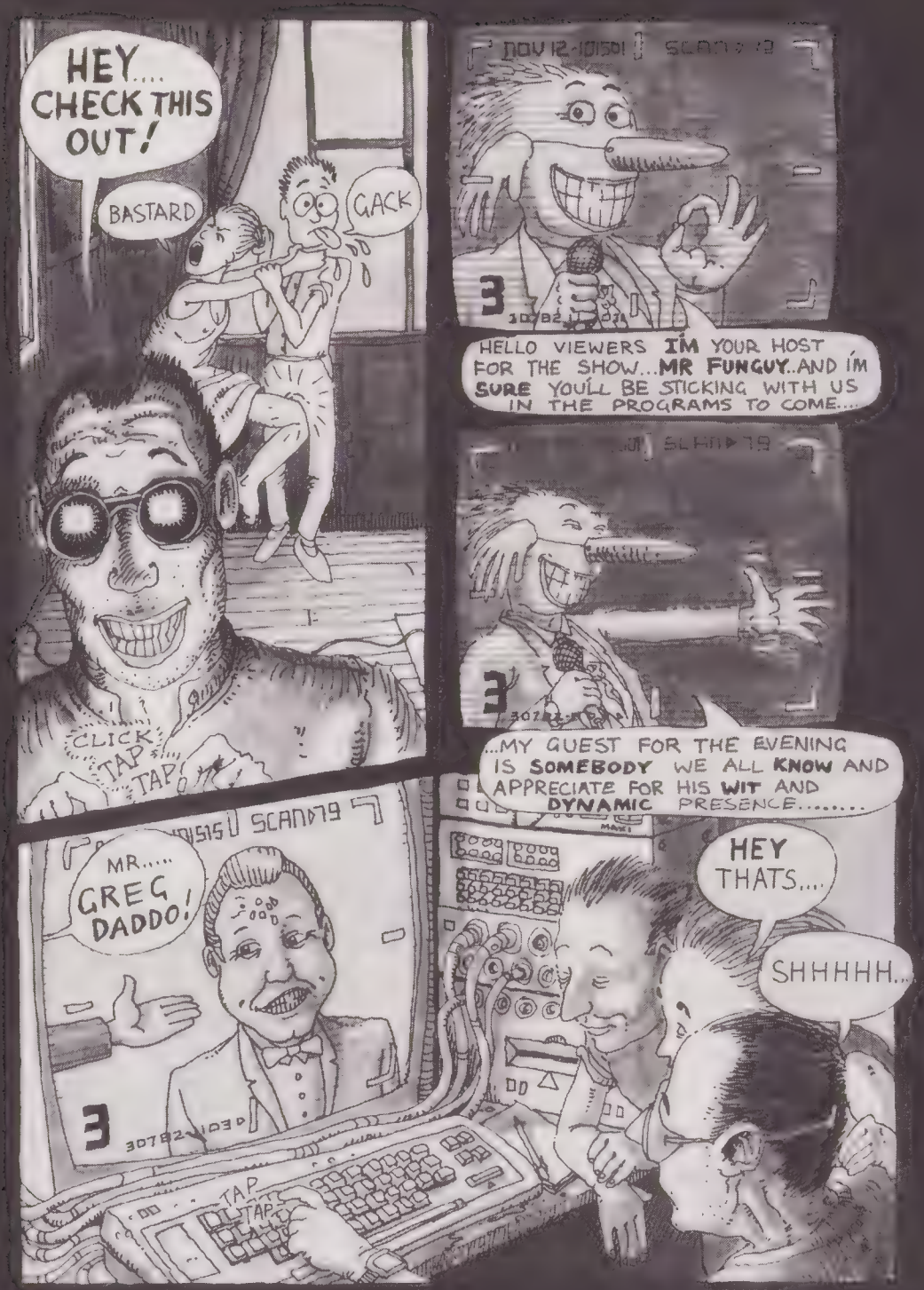
★ ★ ★ NEW KILLER

TV



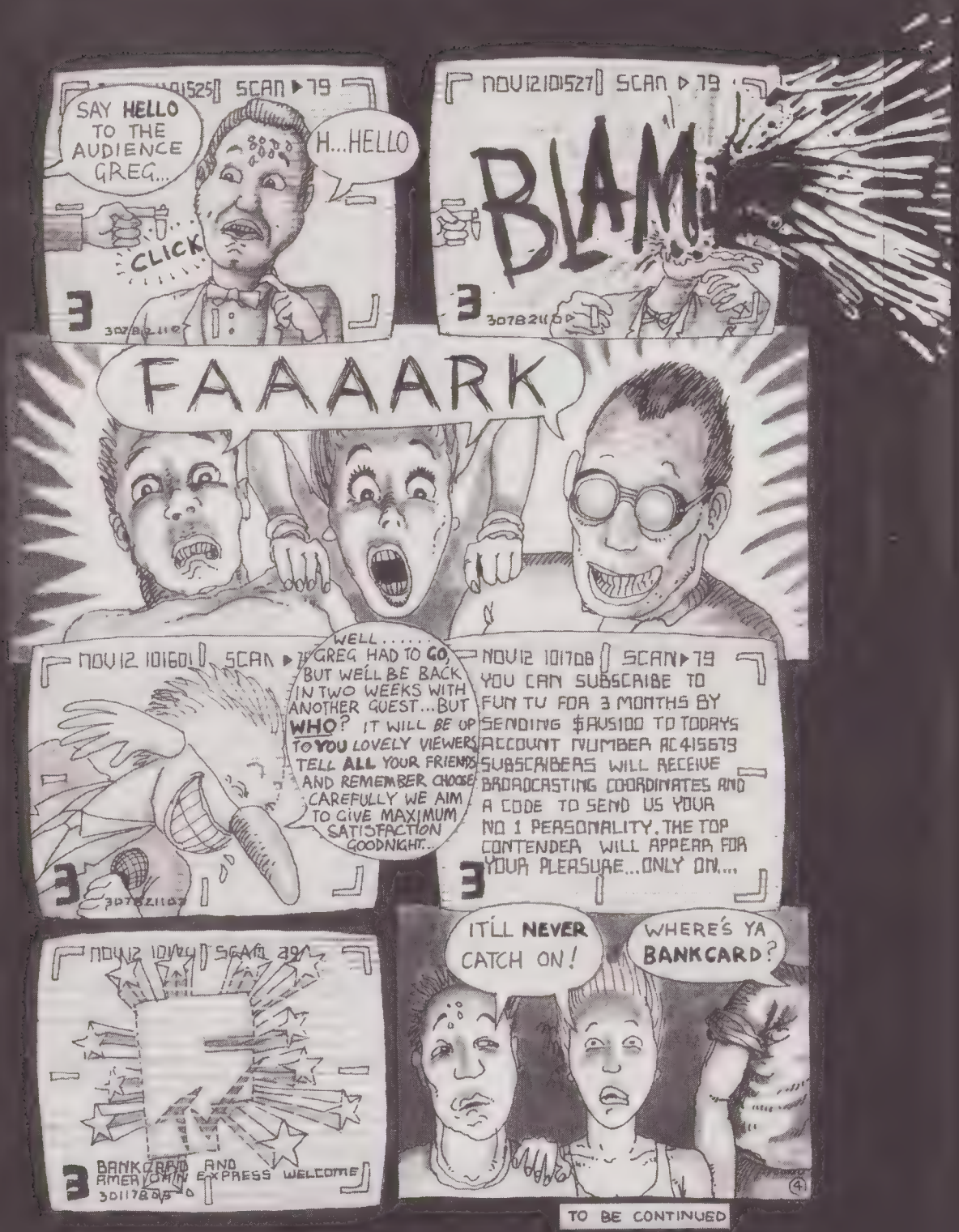
POW

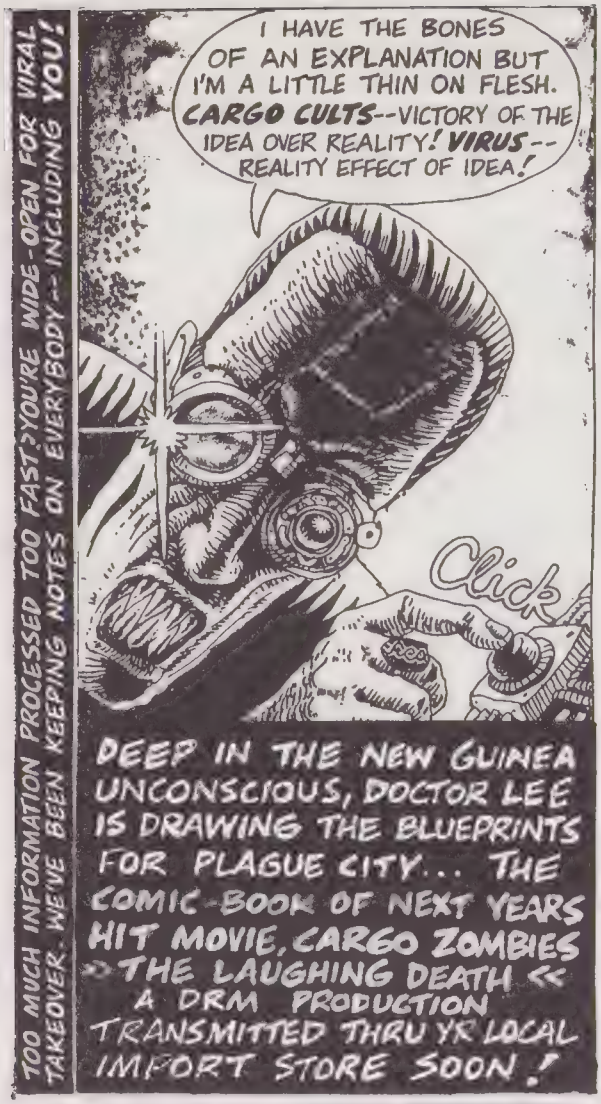
NEW KILLER CUT

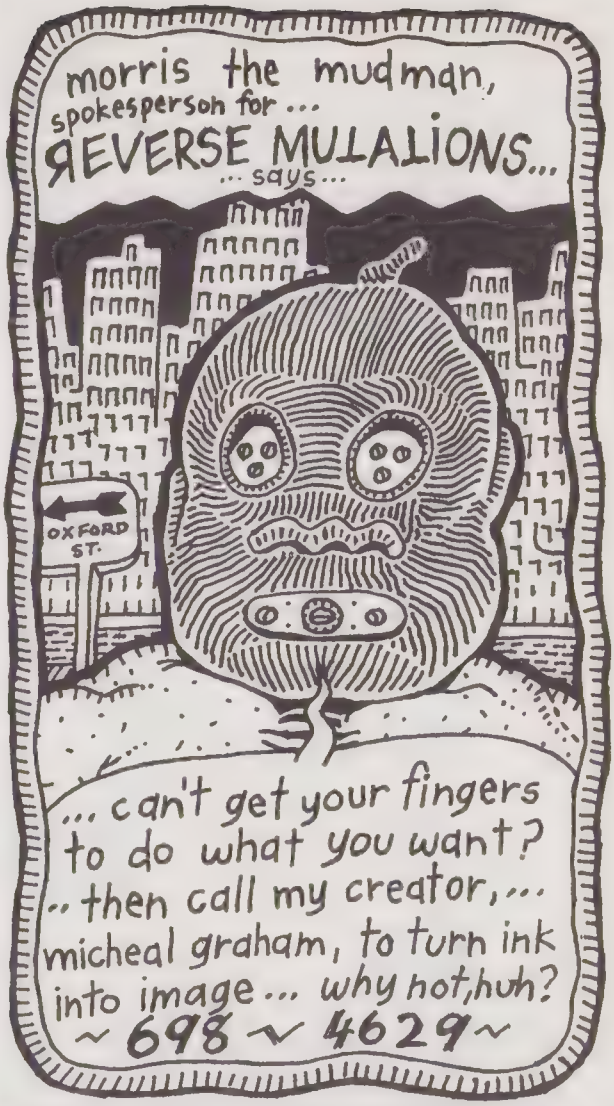

HEY.... CHECK THIS OUT!
BASTARD
GACK
CLICK TAP TAP
HELLO VIEWERS IM YOUR HOST FOR THE SHOW...MR FUNGUY..AND IM SURE YOULL BE STICKING WITH US IN THE PROGRAMS TO COME...
...MY GUEST FOR THE EVENING IS SOMEBODY WE ALL KNOW AND APPRECIATE FOR HIS WIT AND DYNAMIC PRESENCE.....
HEY THATS....
SHHHHH...
MR..... GREG DADDO!
TAP TAP

Video

Totally Wired


SAY HELLO TO THE AUDIENCE GREG...
CLICK
H...HELLO
BLAM
FAAAARK
WELL..... GREG HAD TO GO, BUT WE'LL BE BACK IN TWO WEEKS WITH ANOTHER GUEST... BUT WHO? IT WILL BE UP TO YOU LOVELY VIEWERS TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND REMEMBER CHOOSE CAREFULLY WE AIM TO GIVE MAXIMUM SATISFACTION GOODNIGHT...
YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE TO FUN TV FOR 3 MONTHS BY SENDING $AUS100 TO TODAYS ACCOUNT NUMBER AC415673 SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE BROADCASTING COORDINATES AND A CODE TO SEND US YOUR NO 1 PERSONALITY. THE TOP CONTENDER WILL APPEAR FOR YOUR PLEASURE...ONLY ON....
BANKCARD AND AMERICAN EXPRESS WELCOME
IT'LL NEVER CATCH ON!
WHERE'S YA BANKCARD?
TO BE CONTINUED


I HAVE THE BONES OF AN EXPLANATION BUT I'M A LITTLE THIN ON FLESH. CARGO CULTS--VICTORY OF THE IDEA OVER REALITY! VIRUS--REALITY EFFECT OF IDEA!
Click
TOO MUCH INFORMATION PROCESSED TOO FAST? YOU'RE WIDE-OPEN FOR VIRAL TAKEOVER. WE'VE BEEN KEEPING NOTES ON EVERYBODY--INCLUDING YOU!
DEEP IN THE NEW GUINEA UNCONSCIOUS, DOCTOR LEE IS DRAWING THE BLUEPRINTS FOR PLAGUE CITY... THE COMIC-BOOK OF NEXT YEARS HIT MOVIE, CARGO ZOMBIES >> THE LAUGHING DEATH << A DRM PRODUCTION TRANSMITTED THRU YR LOCAL IMPORT STORE SOON!


morris the mudman, spokesperson for ... REVERSE MUTATIONS... ... says ...
OXFORD ST.
... can't get your fingers to do what you want? .. then call my creator, ... micheal graham, to turn ink into image... why not,huh?
~698~4629~

BRIGID BOLT LAST SEEN HEADING FOR THE WATERFRONT (SUN-HERALD, MAY 1ST) - PRESENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN. BRIGID'S EARLY LIFE & CRIMES ARE STILL AVAILABLE IN COMIC BOOK FORM.

BRIGID BOLT. FOR CURIOUS WOMEN WHO LIKE READING ABOUT CURIOUS WOMEN. 50 PAGES OF STORY. $4 FROM: **TUSK COMIX** PO BOX C491 CLARENCE ST 2000

A BIG BIT

by Justin Credible

seeya Justy!
seeya Justy Thanks for the cone
I'm not very Stoned
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
I am a little bit
Why have I been saying I am a little bit
What did I come from
I wonder what it was
HOME
30
Hi Justin! Are you stoned?
Yeh I am a little bit
HI DAVE!

FUCKING HOPELESS

by JUSTIN CREDIBLE

DROWN DOG

J.C 88

I DON'T CARE I'D RATHER SINK THAN CALL BRAD FOR HELP
I Don't care, I'd rather wank Than get wet trying to save that Doodle bitch
BRAAU
BYE DOGGY

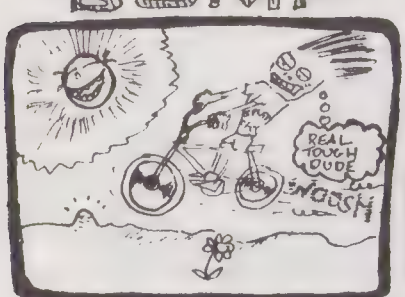
EPHEDRINE + BEDTIME

I HATE THIS, I'M THINKING THE SAME THINGS AS LAST NIGHT AND THE NIGHT BEFORE
I'LL HAVE TO ASK BEN TO DO A BAND WITH ME
FUCK I WISH THERE WAS A GIRL HERE, I HATE BEIN ALONE
ALTHOUGH I'M SO FUCKED OFF MY FACE I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TALK OR DO ANYTHING
HOW DID I GET HOME TONIGHT
WHAT WAS I JUST THINKING
FUCK THIS!
FUCKEN HELL
FUCKEN HELL

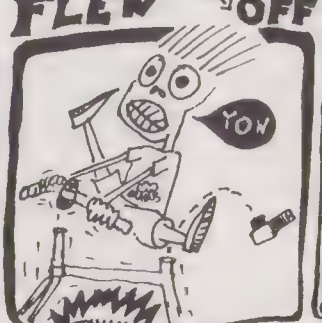
BILLY bought a bicycle

he Got It from A DEALER

HE hit a BUMP



The Seat FLEW OFF



The Bar WENT up his Sealer

A MINI TRAGEDY BY MILO, J & P CREDIBLE. THE TEAM THAT BOUGHT YOU ALL THE OLD CLASSICS, "THUD" "YOW" & "SPLAT"

2zvN

THE SOUNDTRACK FOR YOUR COMIC

SIXTY MINS OF KILLER CUTS AND MAYHEM FEATURING: Craven Fops: Real gone lovers * The Spirals / Plunderers: Wolfboy * Inchmen: Ice — Nine: Fortunate Sons; Tall Shirts * Corner Green # JUSTIN CREDIBLE # *... Reverse Mutations: STEVIE PLUNDER — Driptray —— #:— AND MANY MANY MORE #: 9 8 2 ? 6 ? 3 0

ALL THIS FOR ONLY $5.00 ALL INCLUSIVE FOR ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA AND THE WORLD POSTAL ORDERS AND $ TO POUNDING TALES: IS IT GOOD? IT'S ODD

HUMONGOUS COMPETITION

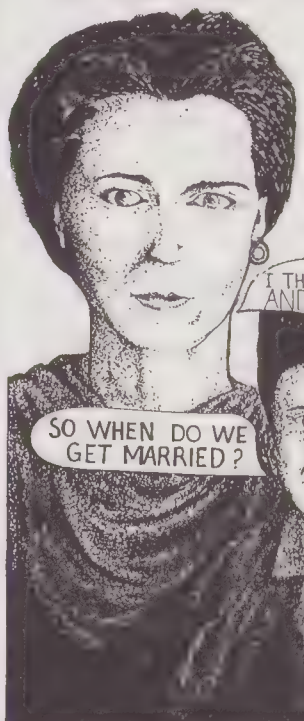
GUESS WHO OWNS THE EYES

HINT Pgs 13 & 18 BOTTOM

BEST ANSWER WINS:.... NEXT 4 ISSUES POUNDING TALES.

CORRECT ANSWER WINS: $20 GIFT VOUCHER AT WATERFRONT RECORDS AND PLUNDERERS → "TRUST US" EP. PLUS ◎◎ → POUNDING SOUNDS CASSETTE COMPETITION ENDS AUGUST 1ST...

CLASSIFIEDS

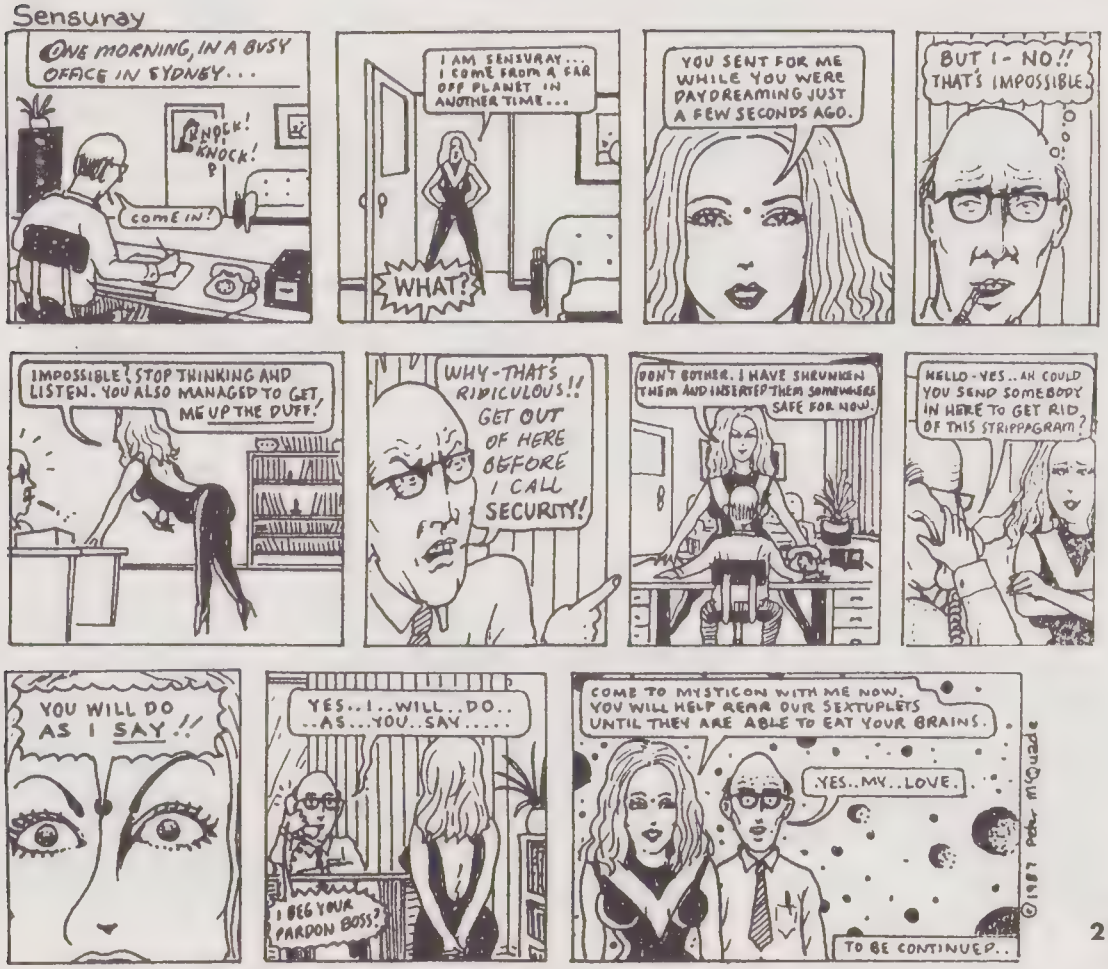


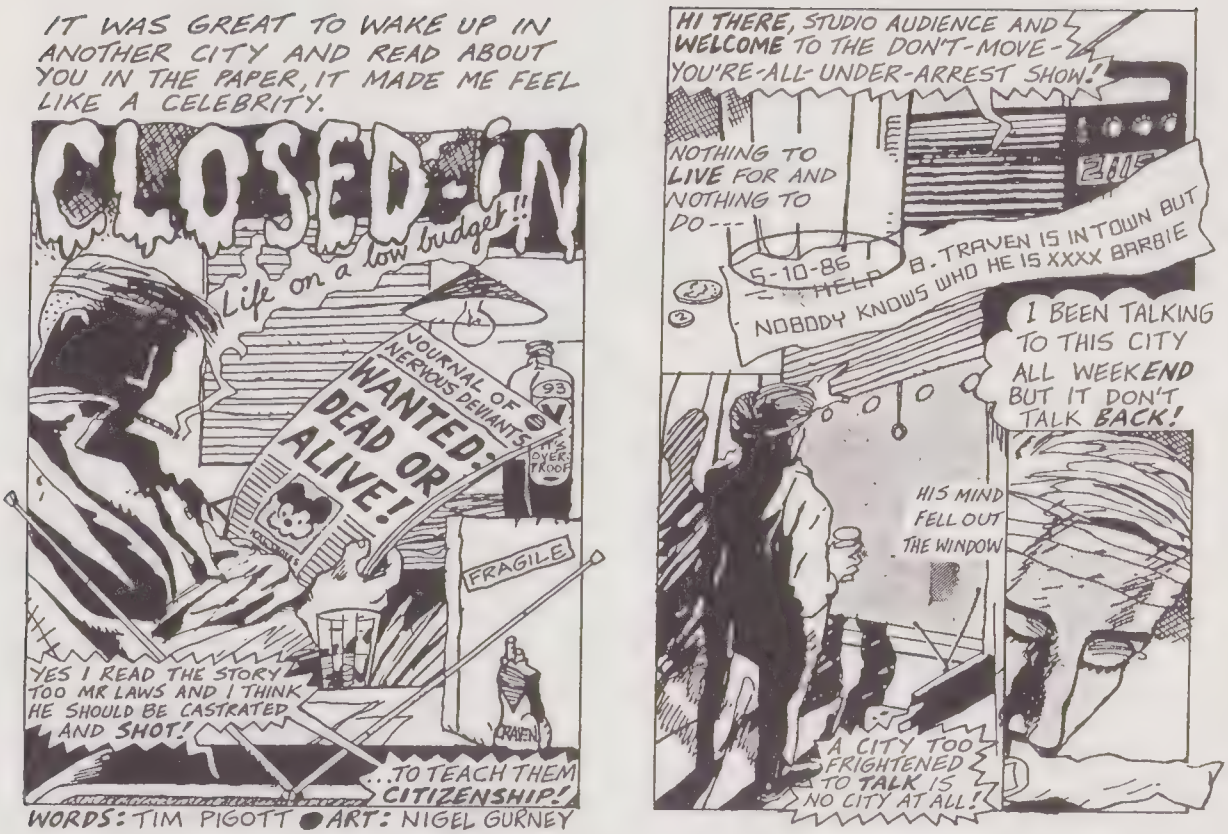
YOU'D SELL YOUR GRANDMOTHER FOR CASH? GOT A PASSPORT FOR TRADE? WHATEVER IT IS. THIS IS THE PLACE TO DO IT. ONLY 15¢ A WORD - $1.00 MINIMUM. HOCK IT NOW

"it served him right." by Peter m'Quade

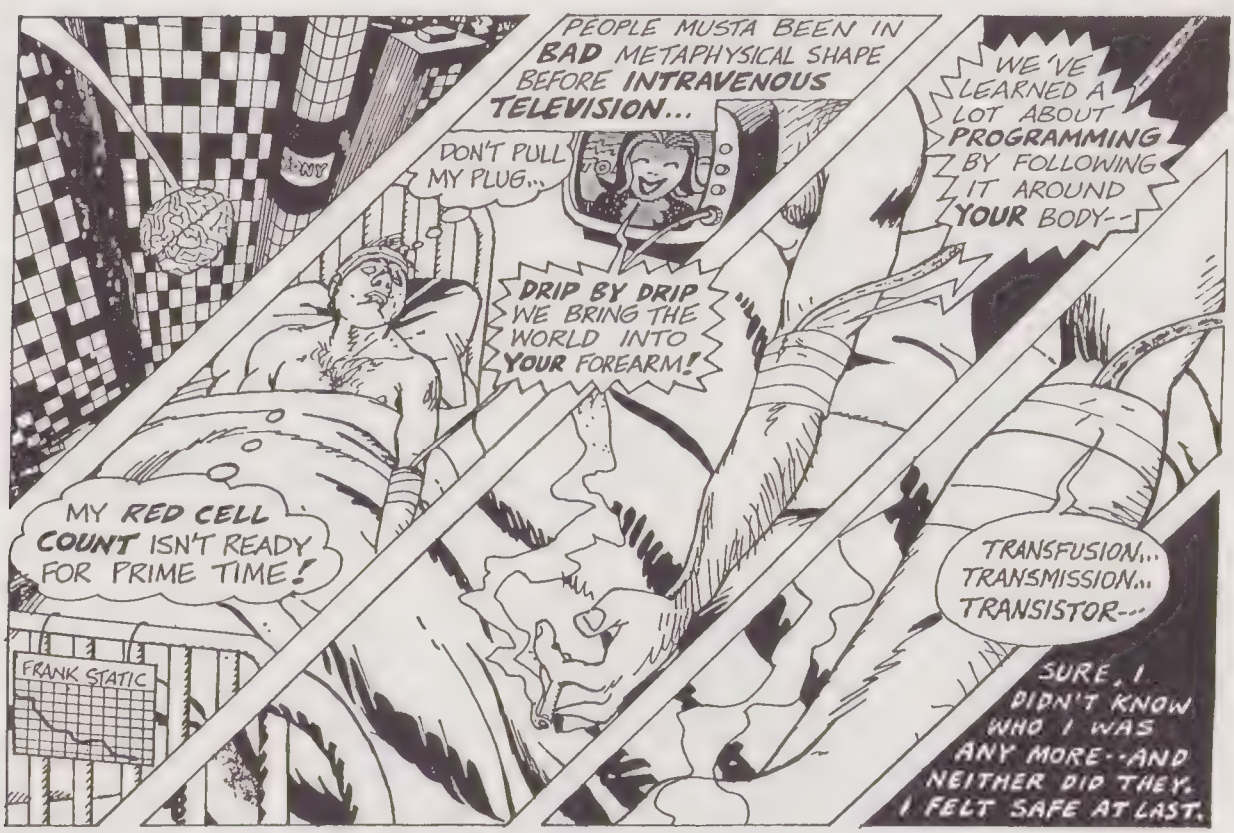
I HATE MR BAXTER SO I'LL SET FIRE TO THIS BAG OF WOOPY ON HIS DOOR-STEP, RING THE BELL AND RUN AWAY!
BRRING!!!
WOOAH! WOOAH!
STAMP! STAMP!
HEY DORA! SOME ONE PUT A BURNING BAG OF CRAP ON THE PORCH WITH A 50 BUCK NOTE IN IT!
WECCON
HEY WAIT THAT FIFTY BUCKS IS MINE!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
I DON'T SEE THE MONEY!
WECCO
THE END

Sensuray


ONE MORNING, IN A BUSY OFFICE IN SYDNEY...
KNOCK! KNOCK!
COME IN!
I AM SENSURAY... I COME FROM A FAR OFF PLANET IN ANOTHER TIME...
WHAT?
YOU SENT FOR ME WHILE YOU WERE DAYDREAMING JUST A FEW SECONDS AGO.
BUT I - NO!! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
IMPOSSIBLE! STOP THINKING AND LISTEN. YOU ALSO MANAGED TO GET ME UP THE DUFF!
WHY - THAT'S RIDICULOUS!! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL SECURITY!
DON'T BOTHER. I HAVE SHRUNKEN THEM AND INSERTED THEM SOMEWHERE SAFE FOR NOW.
HELLO - YES.. AH COULD YOU SEND SOMEBODY IN HERE TO GET RID OF THIS STRIPPPGRAM?
YOU WILL DO AS I SAY!!
YES..I..WILL..DO.. ..AS...YOU..SAY.....
I BEG YOUR PARDON BOSS?
COME TO MYSTICON WITH ME NOW. YOU WILL HELP REAR OUR SEXTUPLETS UNTIL THEY ARE ABLE TO EAT YOUR BRAINS.
YES..MY..LOVE.
TO BE CONTINUED..
©1987 Peter McQuade

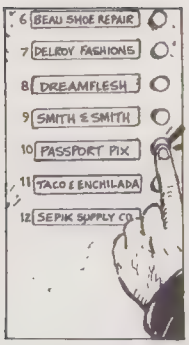

IT WAS GREAT TO WAKE UP IN ANOTHER CITY AND READ ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPER, IT MADE ME FEEL LIKE A CELEBRITY.
CLOSED-IN
Life on a low budget!!
JOURNAL OF NERVOUS DEVIANTS
WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!
93
IT'S OVER PROOF
FRAGILE
CRAVEN
YES I READ THE STORY TOO MR LAWS AND I THINK HE SHOULD BE CASTRATED AND SHOT!
...TO TEACH THEM CITIZENSHIP!
WORDS: TIM PIGOTT ● ART: NIGEL GURNEY
HI THERE, STUDIO AUDIENCE AND WELCOME TO THE DON'T-MOVE-YOU'RE-ALL-UNDER-ARREST SHOW!
NOTHING TO LIVE FOR AND NOTHING TO DO---
5-10-86
HELP
B. TRAVEN IS IN TOWN BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHO HE IS XXXX BARBIE
2:15
I BEEN TALKING TO THIS CITY ALL WEEKEND BUT IT DON'T TALK BACK!
HIS MIND FELL OUT THE WINDOW
A CITY TOO FRIGHTENED TO TALK IS NO CITY AT ALL!

©1987 PIGOTT/GURNEY


PEOPLE MUSTA BEEN IN BAD METAPHYSICAL SHAPE BEFORE INTRAVENOUS TELEVISION...
DON'T PULL MY PLUG...
WE'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT PROGRAMMING BY FOLLOWING IT AROUND YOUR BODY--
DRIP BY DRIP WE BRING THE WORLD INTO YOUR FOREARM!
MY RED CELL COUNT ISN'T READY FOR PRIME TIME!
FRANK STATIC
TRANSFUSION... TRANSMISSION... TRANSISTOR---
SURE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS ANY MORE--AND NEITHER DID THEY. I FELT SAFE AT LAST.

small budget world

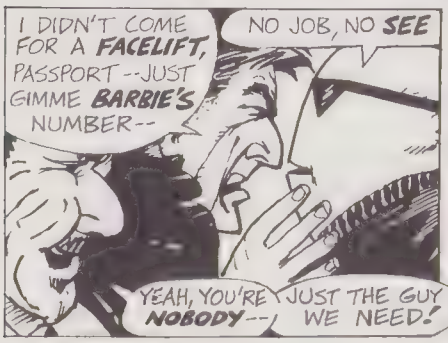
SKIN CITY
O.K. FRANK, THIS IS YOUR BIG DAY!
NEXT TIME WE THROW AWAY THE KEY!
I GOTTA GET LAID
HM PRISON
GURNEY PIGOTT
ON THE OTHER HAND I COULD KILL SOMEBODY
THERE ARE SIX MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY.... ALL OF THEM LIES...
LUNA BAR
ZIP
I GOTTA MAKE UP ONE— OR DIE—
RAT-TAT-TAT PALACE
ANDY GARCIA BARBER & TATTOO KING
FRANK—LONG TIME NO SEE.
SHAVE ME DOWN AND TRIM MY EXISTENCE
A LOTTA THINGS'A CHANGED SINCE YOU BEEN AWAY, FRANK—BUT NOT YOU
FILL ME IN
REMEMBER PASSPORT MAN?
OBLIVION
I WANTED TO FORGET BUT ANDY WASN'T GONNA LET ME.
PASSPORT MAN PROCESSED SO MANY ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS, THE POPULATION OF SAIGON IS MINUS TWO MILLION!
YOUR POPULATION IS MINUS, TOO, FRANK— HE PROCESSED BARBIE— IT'S LIKE, SHE TOTALLY DISAPPEARED!
DONTCHA KNOW THAT NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS ANDY? AND SILENCE IS PLATINUM!
THE WORLD DON'T WAIT, FRANK.
BORN IN HELL
GURNEY
IT DON'T DISAPPEAR, EITHER. AN' NEITHER DOES BARBIE!
FRANK STATIC H.M. PRISON SKIN CITY 1009
I WAITED TWO YEARS BUT I AIN'T GONNA WAIT NO MORE!
Barbie
IS THIS AN ART SHOW, BUDDY OR ARE YOU GONNA BUY ANOTHER DRINK?
KEEP THE CHANGE, KID
REMBRANDT
YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD NEW TRICKS!
FRANK CHECKS IN.
THE NAKED LUNCH
THEY USEDTA SAY THERE WUZ ALWAYS TOMORROW... BUT NOW NOBODY'S BETTING ON IT.
GURNEY PIGOTT

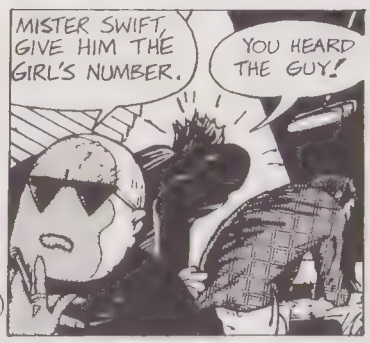

6 BEAU SHOE REPAIR
7 DELROY FASHIONS
8 DREAMFLESH
9 SMITH & SMITH
10 PASSPORT PIX
11 TACO & ENCHILADA
12 SEPIK SUPPLY CO

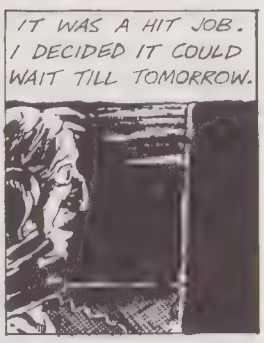
JESUS J. CHRIST-- IT'S STATIC! THEY ALWAYS COME BACK WHEN YA DON'T WANT 'EM!

FRANK, YOUR OLD IDENTITY'S WORN OUT AND YOU CAN'T AFFORD A NEW ONE!
WHO'S THE PLASTIC SURGEON?
I'M WARNIN' YA!

NO BUDGET MEANS NO ACTION, LOSER! GET BACK IN THE GUTTER!
THIS GUTTER'S BIG ENOUGH FOR THREE OF US!

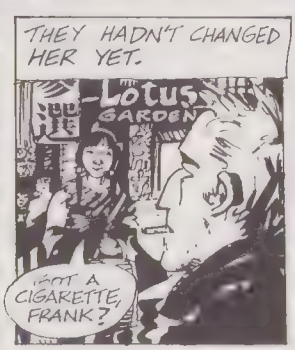

I DIDN'T COME FOR A FACELIFT, PASSPORT--JUST GIMME BARBIE'S NUMBER--
NO JOB, NO SEE
YEAH, YOU'RE NOBODY--
JUST THE GUY WE NEED!

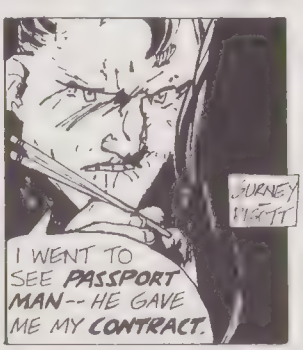

MISTER SWIFT, GIVE HIM THE GIRL'S NUMBER.
YOU HEARD THE GUY!

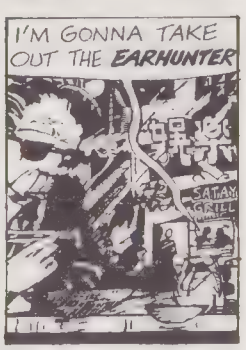

IT WAS A HIT JOB. I DECIDED IT COULD WAIT TILL TOMORROW.

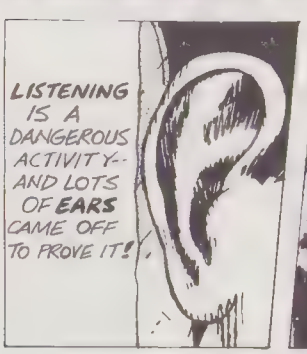
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
* 0 #
WHO'S GOT MY NUMBER?
I'M LISTENIN'
PIGOTT
GURNEY

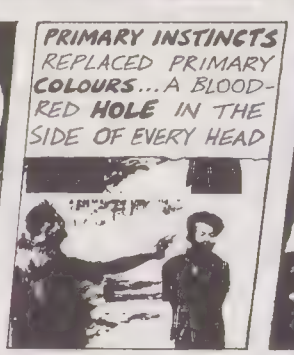
WE MET IN CHINATOWN
LIKE ALWAYS.

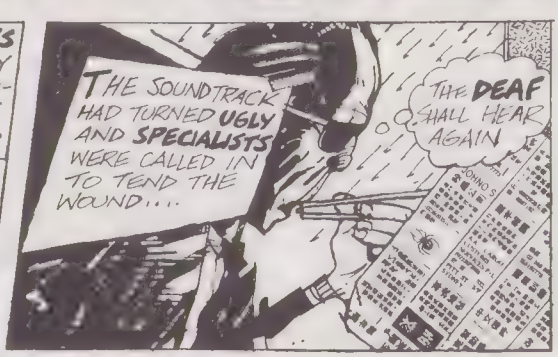

THEY HADN'T CHANGED HER YET.
Lotus GARDEN
GOT A CIGARETTE, FRANK?


I WENT TO SEE PASSPORT MAN-- HE GAVE ME MY CONTRACT.
GURNEY
PIGOTT


I'M GONNA TAKE OUT THE EARHUNTER
SATAN GRILL


LISTENING IS A DANGEROUS ACTIVITY-- AND LOTS OF EARS CAME OFF TO PROVE IT!


PRIMARY INSTINCTS REPLACED PRIMARY COLOURS... A BLOOD-RED HOLE IN THE SIDE OF EVERY HEAD


THE SOUNDTRACK HAD TURNED UGLY AND SPECIALISTS WERE CALLED IN TO TEND THE WOUND....
THE DEAF SHALL HEAR AGAIN

...BUT NOT WITH THEIR OWN EARS.
LEND ME YOUR MOUTH, I WANNA SAY SOMETHING
WHO OWNS YOUR TONGUE?
SAME GUY WHO OWNS YOU—AND FOR THE SAME TIME!
MY RIGHT HAND IS HIRED...
THE ANATOMY OF A HIT...
IS THE SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN FLESH AND COLD STEEL.
GURNEY
SMALL BUDGET WORLD! POWER GROWS OUT OF THE BARREL OF A CHEQUEBOOK!
CRUISING THE STRIP.
KILLING SOMEONE IS EASY— BUT TRACKING THEM DOWN
TAKES A LITTLE FINESSE.
LIVE! ACTION
GURNEY PIGOTT
SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN TO BE VICTIMS, BUT NOT ME!
BLOOD OF SALVATION
I'M ONLY PASSING THROUGH
THEN I DISAPPEAR
CHOOSING WHO GETS HIT IS AN IMPORTANT DECISION MADE BY IMPORTANT PEOPLE... AND THEN THEY NEED ME!
DAILY CRIME
REAGAN INVADES EVERYBODY
BIG CITY! SMALL VICTIM!
YOU NEED A SPECIAL KINDA RADAR
APPLIANCE
THEY DON'T CALL ME TERMINAL ANTENNA FOR NOTHING!
THEY DON'T CALL ME AT ALL!
SO SOMETIMES I CALL THEM
WHO'S CALLING AT 2 AM?
I'M FEELIN' LUCKY
THE GAME'S ALWAYS OPEN, FRANK
I THOUGHT YOU WERE--
DON'T THINK- JUST OPEN THE DOOR!
PIGOTT GURNEY

YOU LOSE AGAIN, FRANK!
SOMETIMES THE CARDS LIKE YOU. SOMETIMES THEY MAKE YOU LOOK REAL BAD!
MORE WALLPAPER!
I.D.U.
HEARD FROM THE EARHUNTER LATELY?
NOT ME, MY EARS ARE SEALED
THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR QUESTIONS BUT THIS WASN'T EITHER.
THUNK!
MISSED HIS CUE, HUH?
TOO MANY ONE-LINERS
CONCUSSION MAKES THE HEART GROW BLONDER
- GURNEY PIGOTT
EMPTY POCKETS-- BROKEN HEAD-- SOMEBODY UP THERE REALLY HATES ME!
MY BODY NEEDS A RETREAD --
BEER
BATHS
--IF IT'S GONNA MAKE THAT LAST ESSENTIAL MILEAGE!
SWEAT IT OUT BUDDY, IT'S ONLY POISON!
MEN ONLY
BATH 3
RUBDOWN 6
WORKOUT 10
PIGOTT
GURNEY
SAUNA
FATE JUST SERVED ME UP MY TARGET

MURDER DOESN'T MEAN MUCH ANY MORE....
BUT IT'S STILL A DESPERATE WAY TO GRAB A HANDFUL OF DOLLARS.
YOU DON'T HAVE THE CLASS TO BELONG HERE, STATIC!
BELONGING IS A QUESTION OF DEGREES
YOU DON'T HAVE A DEGREE
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
GURNEY PIGOTT
SO EDUCATE ME!
A CLEAN KILL!
FRANK REENTERS THE WORLD.
BATHS
TAXI
FULL MOON AHEAD!
TIME TO COMMUNE WITH THE MULTI-NATIONAL DOLLAR!
THE EAVESDROPPER AIN'T LISTENIN' TO NOBODY--I'M HERE TO COLLECT
YOUR WORD IS WORTHLESS STATIC!
I GOT THE CALL. GIVE FRANKIE HIS ENVELOPE
YOU'RE OUT, MESSENGER BOY!
BUT BOSS-- HOW DO WE KNOW--
I KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN THIS CITY
PICK UP THE CASH AND GET LOST, KILLER

MONEY NEVER LIKED ME MUCH-- BUT I'M CRAZY ABOUT MONEY. IT'S LIKE A SIXTH SENSE --WITHOUT IT THE OTHER FIVE DON'T WORK!
PASSPORT MAN DON'T JUST CONTROL INFORMATION--HE'S TELEXED HIMSELF OUT OF TOWN!
GURNEY PIGOTT
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES, BARBIE
I'M TUNED UP...
AND SO'S MY BIKE!
LET'S GO!
VROOM!
PIGOTT GURNEY
JAPANESE GANGSTER MOVIES ARE TOO ARTISTIC
SO ARE YOU
GOTTA GO, FRANK-- YOU BELONG TO THE NIGHT
BUT I GOT A DAY JOB
DAYLIGHT BREAKS FRANK STATIC INTO A MILLION PIECES...
DO NOT WALK
KK'S DINER
CHICKEN
GURNEY PIGOTT
EAT HERE?
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
KK'S
CHICKEN
SURE YOU CAN!
GIMME THE SNAX PAX-- HEAVY ON THE DRUMSTICK!
YOU'RE ONE DEAD CHICKEN STATIC!
AX PAX
CITY I LOVE YOU!
WE NEVER SLEEP-- AN' WE NEVER QUIT
Coca-Cola
TOMORROW: TAKEAWAY WORLD!

Mr Potatohead's shiny shoes had lost their shine, his pipe was cracked, his hands unsteady. He rarely smiled.

Once upon a time he had enjoyed immense success, people loved him and he loved people. A trend setter; an idol to millions. Eventually he fell into the trap that most famous people fall into – he began to believe his own publicity.

He gained a reputation as a 'potato about town'. He led a life of reckless abandon, always dressed immaculately, always drunk, and of course – always witty.

He became more and more popular, especially with the pre-teens. He was popular with adults as well. Potatohead T shirts, posters, movies, records, all the usual items of commercialism came into being. Mr Potatohead enjoyed the wealth they brought him, but commercialism was a key factor in his downfall.

The public is a fickle thing. One minute you're on the top, then the next – you come tumbling down.

Mr Potatohead began to lose his popularity. People were tiring of him. A lot of people could not relate to him anymore.

Mr Potatohead could not take the fact that he was no longer the flavour of the month. He began to lead a dissipated life. He ate, drank, and took drugs excessively.

He began to become bloated. He looked more like a pumpkinhead than a potatohead.

He tried everything to get back on top, but to no avail. In fact he went further and further down, and he lost money.

Nobody wanted to know him. Nobody. Penniless, he decided to rob a bank. The heist was successful and he used the money to buy a plane ticket to New York.

So with a false passport, and a new identity, he arrived in New York City. It was there he began to lead a bohemian life style. He started to experiment with L.S.D. and he married three women at a psychadelic wedding.

He was reported to the police, and was charged with bigamy. He spent a year in a state penitentiary.

It was there that he met "The Big Banana", the "Mr Big", who ruled the prison with an iron fist. Nothing could be done without his say so.

It seemed to Mr Potatohead that it would be a good idea to become friends with the "Big Banana". Maybe he could help Mr Potatohead to escape.

"So, you wanna escape", asked the "Big Banana".

"Yes", answered Mr Potatohead.

"Well I might be able to organise it for you."

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me, I ain't doin' you no favour."

What's in it for you?"

"I want you to work for me on the outside, as a courier."

"A courier?"

"Yeah, you know, drugs, arms, and the rest."

"No way, I'm through with drugs. They nearly killed me and I've seen what they do to kids."

"Listen Spud, by the time I finish with you, you'll be begging for me to set you up for an escape."

For three months Mr Potatohead held out. He was bashed by the Broccoli Brothers. His cell was set on fire by Gary Cumberlegs, his food was spiked by Ernie Tomato.

But when he found that somebody had stolen his favourite pipe and had smashed it – that was the last straw, he could take no more.

Mr Potatohead escaped. It was arranged for him to fly to Brazil, and to meet "Monsiéur Salad", the notorious French racketeer. Mr Potatohead was to smuggle heroin to Europe.

Mr Potatohead underwent plastic surgery so he wouldn't be recognised. All went well until Mr Potatohead decided to partake of his illicit supplies to calm his nerves.

He was so stoned when he had to go through customs that he completely blew everything. The heroin was taken and
Mr Potatohead made a full confession.

He went back to the penitentiary. Later on he was found mashed to death by a hammer – it was suicide, which was pretty sad considering that it looked like a Mr Potatohead revival was about to begin.

BIGMAN

HITLER WANTS TO BE A REAL MAN!
BUT STARVEING MAKES HIM INTO A RUNT!
AND ANYWAY REAL MEN HAVE MORE THAN ONE TESTICLE?
EXHIBIT A
EXHIBIT B
GELI RAUBEL WANTS A REAL MAN!
*GELI RAUBEL, WAS HITLER'S NIECE.
THE RELATIONSHIP WAS ODD TO SAY THE LEAST!
ALL MEN KEEP OUT
BY ORDER A. HITLER
BUT HE ALWAYS BEGGED HER TO FORGIVE HIM!
PLEASE GELI, I LOVE YOU PUNISH ME, FOR BEING MEAN WHIP ME OH PLEASE AGAIN AGAIN OOH SPIT ON MY FACE BEA... EAT ME WITH CARROT P... AND THEN PUT IT UP... CH...!
UNFORTUNATLY GELI PREFERED OPERA SINGING AND WHEN SHE WAS FORBIDDEN THIS GELI GOT SLIGHTLY DEPRESSED!
AFTER A PARTICULY BAD EVENING OF BONDAGE AND DISIPLINE AN ARGUMENT ABOUT FREEDOM AND THE OPERA...
SHE WAS FOUND SHOT DEAD, THE FINDING'S OF THE INQUEST; SUICIDE!
HITLER WAS VERY UPSET AND DECIDED TO GO INTO POLITICS AND TAKE OVER THE WORLD AND KILL EVERY BODY ELSE..
MORAL: DONT LAUGH AT FACISTS WITH ONLY ONE TESTICLE.

Serious Girls.

By Eleanor.

THE STORY SO FAR.
He'd found out that she'd told the others that she thought 'On the Road' was misogynist crap.

Angrily he replied, "WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, AN IDIOT OR SOMETHING, THAT I'M NOT CAPABLE OF FOLLOWING YOUR CHILDISH EXPLANATION?"

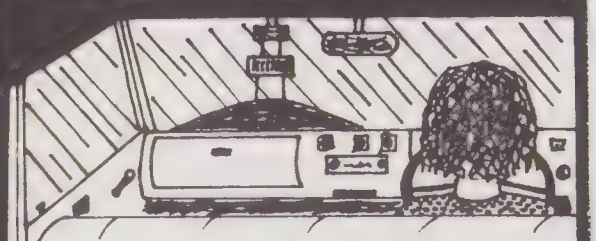
Turning away she considered two possibilities.

She could burst into tears & put control of the situation back into his hands.

OR

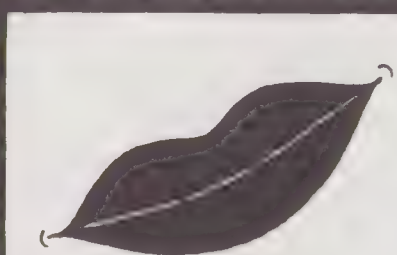
She could get out of the car & walk home in the rain. The problem with this option was that she would get terribly wet walking home from Mt. Aimie.

SUDDENLY SHE REALISED!

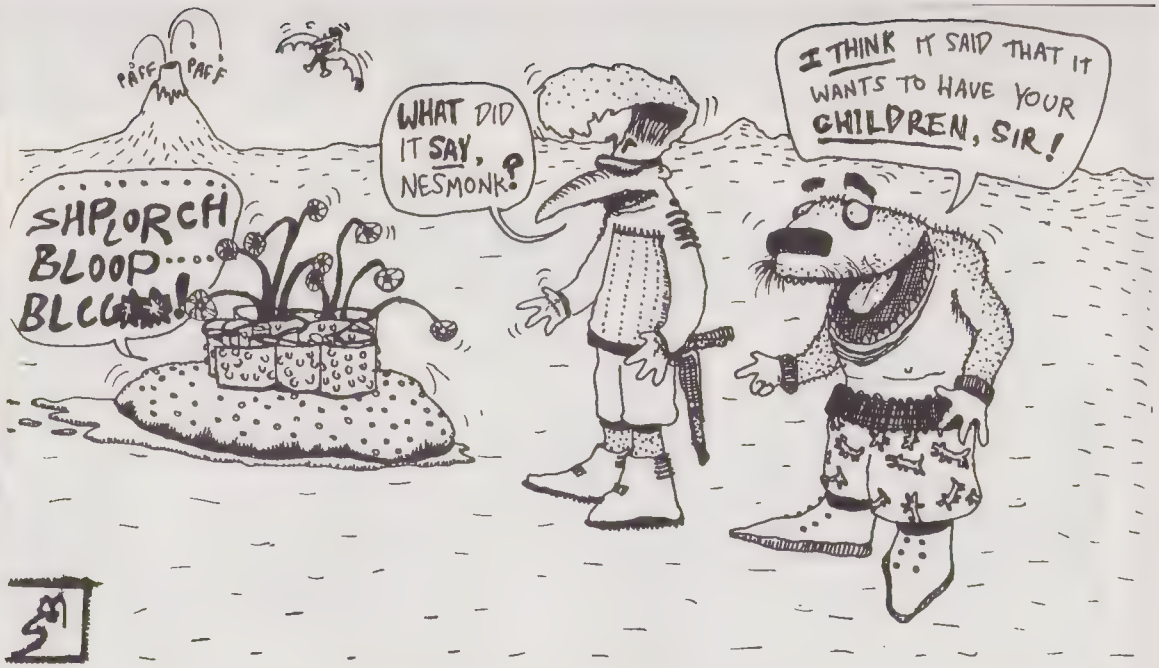


Suprise meant that he was easy to push out of the car. Then she slid across to the drivers seat.

She locked the door, wound down the window & shot him.

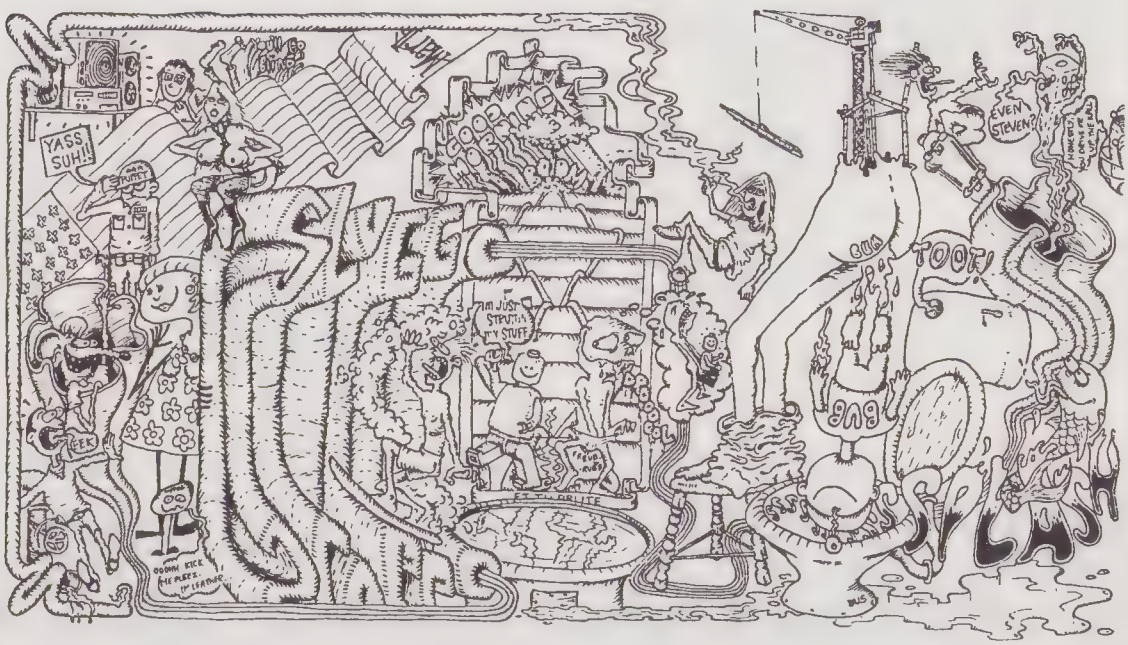


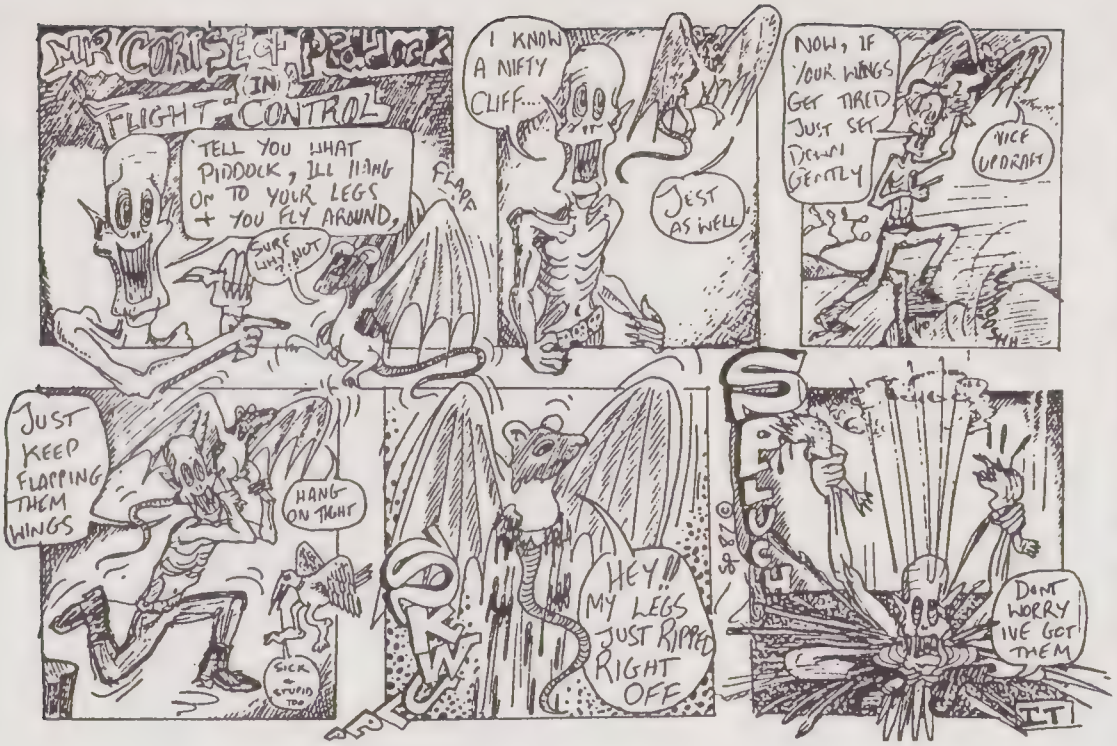
Smiling, she drove off, knowing that he would never be able to humiliate, ridicule or upset her again. The only thing that puzzled her was why she hadn't done it sooner.


PAFF PAFF
SHPLORCH BLOOP BLCG!
WHAT DID IT SAY, NESMONK?
I THINK IT SAID THAT IT WANTS TO HAVE YOUR CHILDREN, SIR!

ペット・クリスチャン

REPRINTED FROM THE INCREDIBLY RARE P.T.S NO.1
PET CHRISTIAN
Fankin Funnies ©
Last winter, I had a pet christian.
God lerus, you!
He latched onto me in Civic one day. I couldnt get rid of him.
Fuck off will ya!!
God lerus, you!
I let him follow me around. It was less effort than beating him senseless. If less fun.
I guess he thort he could convert me. HA! His mindless dogma was so inane!
God lerus you
Who's the zombie?
Dont ask!
God lerus, you!
At least he was rich - a fat pig-scum father or something.
Howzabout lobster for lunch, pap-brain?
Why surely, brothers!
And a bottle of tequila!
One day he vanished. I lent him to some "young people" whilst drunk.
Can we play with your friend?
God lerus you?
Yeah sure- By me a drink
Ah well, at least my new fanatic is more colourful.
Hari Tari Fari Kari Hari Lari Spoon!
Who's the Zombie?
THE END

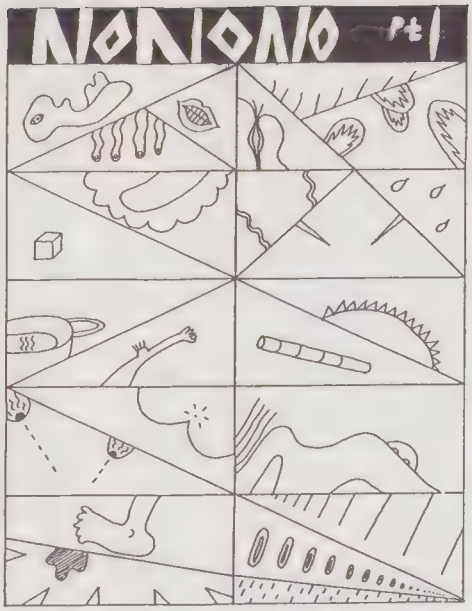

SLUGS
YASS SUH!!
I'M JUST STRUTTIN' MY STUFF
EVEN STEVEN!
TOOT!
BWG
BWG
BLAM

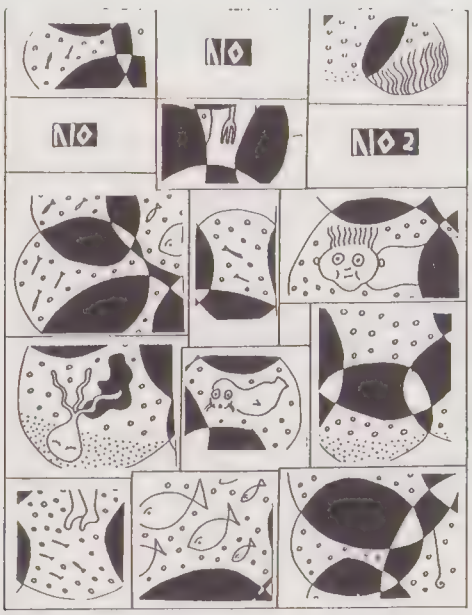

MR CORKSCREW PIDDOCK IN FLIGHT CONTROL
TELL YOU WHAT PIDDOCK, I'LL HANG ON TO YOUR LEGS + YOU FLY AROUND,
SURE WHY NOT
I KNOW A NIFTY CLIFF....
JEST AS WELL
NOW, IF YOUR WINGS GET TIRED JUST SET DOWN GENTLY
NICE UPDRAFT
JUST KEEP FLAPPING THEM WINGS
HANG ON TIGHT
SICK & STUPID TOO
HEY!! MY LEGS JUST RIPPED RIGHT OFF
DON'T WORRY I'VE GOT THEM
IT!

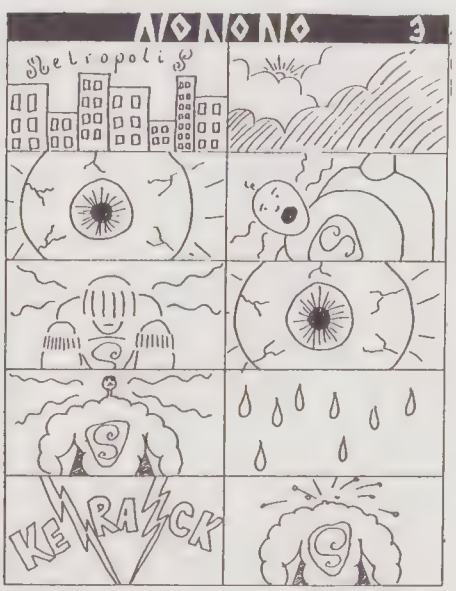
☆o☆

Happy Families
I'm so happy with my work and I don't even mind if I might hit my thumb with a hammer.
I'm a mother of five but I don't care if baby makes up at 3am all covered in poopy.
I'm eighty-two years of age and yet I don't get upset if I happen to slip on a puddle in the middle of our local complex, shopping and break my hip.
TAKE VALIUM REGULARLY.
VALIUM
...See Your Family Doctor.

SPRING CLEANING
COME MY PRETTYS... SEE WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU
RIP ANNIE 1977

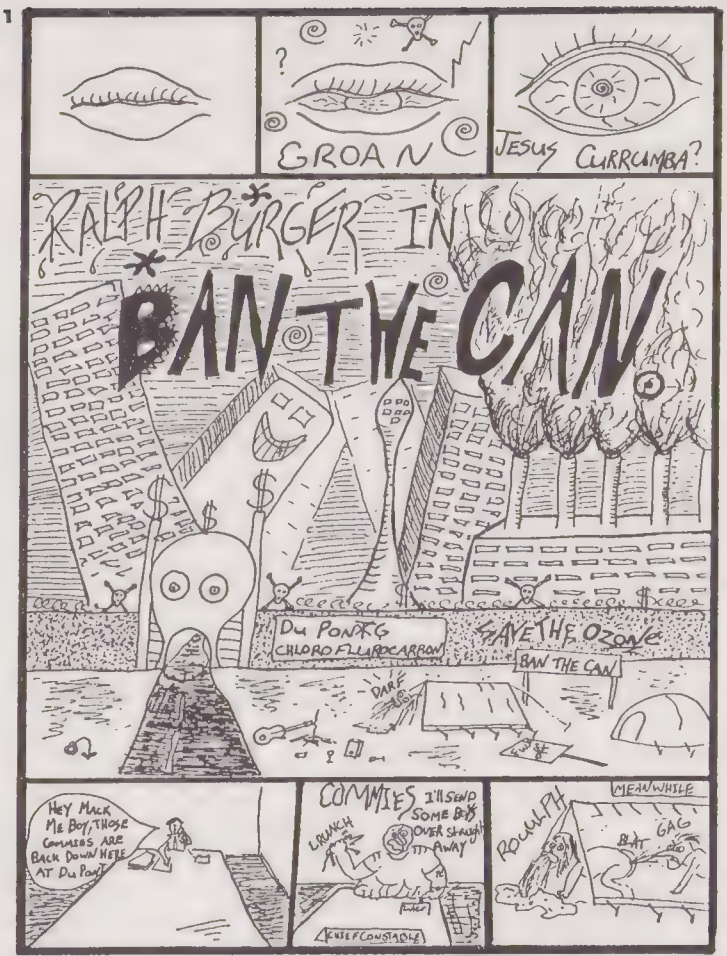

NONONO pt1


NO
NO
NO 2

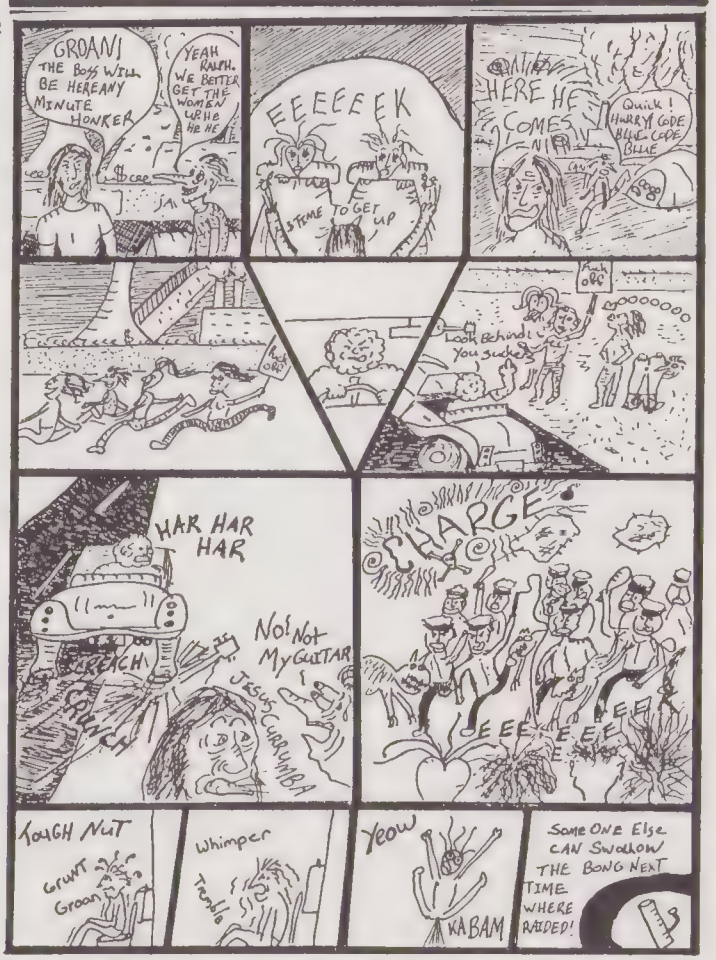

NONONO 3
Metropolis
KERRACK

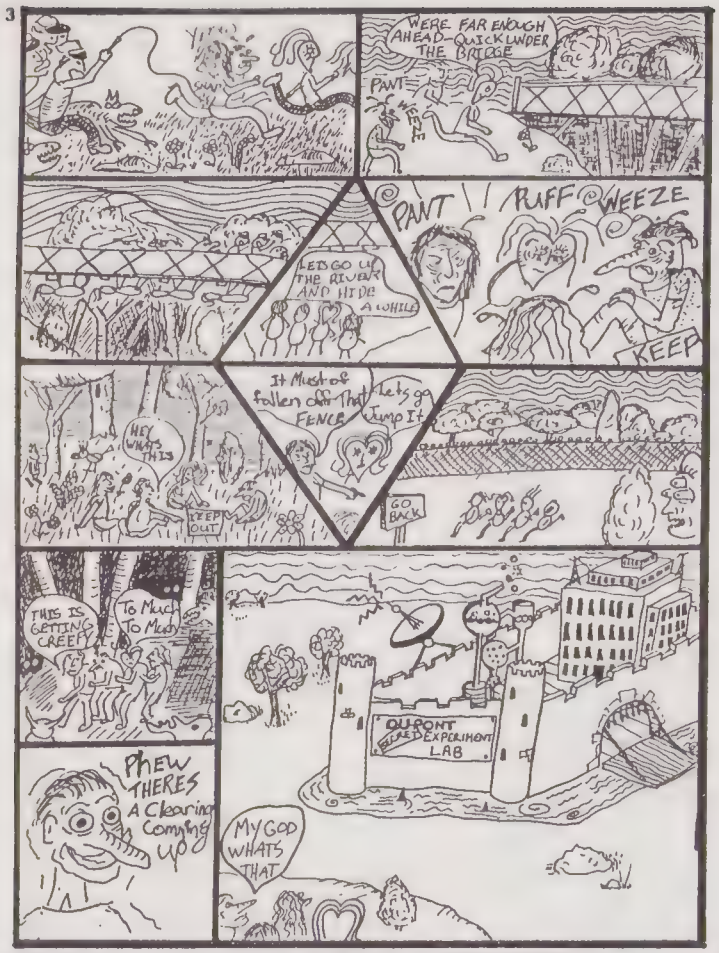
JASON '88

1


GROAN
JESUS CURRUMBA?
RALPH BURGER IN
BAN THE CAN
DU PONT'S CHLOROFLUOROCARBON
SAVE THE OZONE
BAN THE CAN
DARE
HEY MACK ME BOY, THOSE COMMIES ARE BACK DOWN HERE AT DU PONT
COMMIES I'LL SEND SOME BOYS OVER STRAIGHT AWAY
CRUNCH
CHIEF CONSTABLE
MEANWHILE
ROCULPH
BAT
GAG

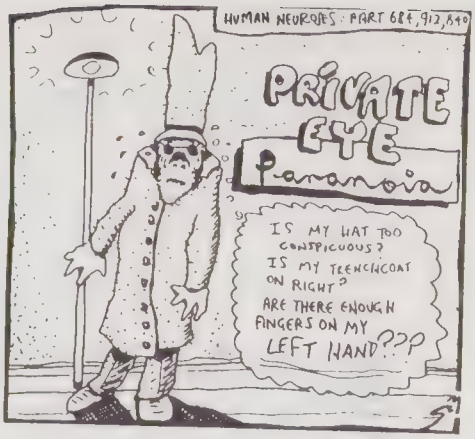
2

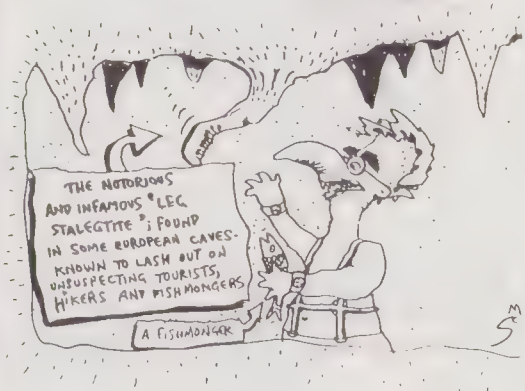

GROAN! THE BOSS WILL BE HEREANY MINUTE HONKER
YEAH RALPH. WE BETTER GET THE WOMAN UP the HE HE
EEEEEEK
3 TIME TO GET UP
HERE HE COMES
Quick! HURRY CODE BLUE CODE BLUE
Look behind! You sucker
HAR HAR HAR
SCREECH
No! Not My GUITAR
JESUS CURRUMBA
CHARGE
EEE EEE EEE
TOUGH NUT
GRUNT
GROAN
Whimper
TREMBLE
YEOW
KABAM
SOMEONE ELSE CAN SWALLOW THE BONG NEXT TIME WHERE RAIDED!

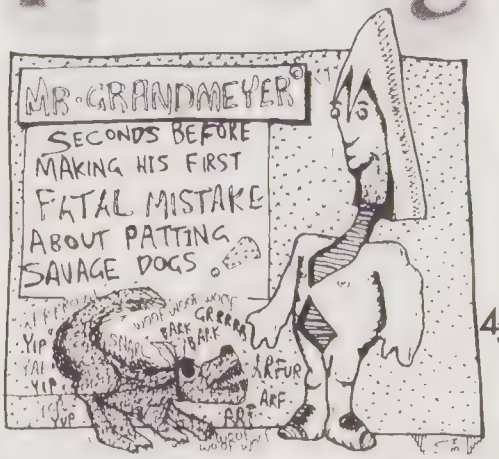

3
WERE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD QUICK UNDER THE BRIDGE
PANT WEEZE
PANT
PUFF
WEEZE
KEEP
LETS GO UP THE RIVER AND HIDE A WHILE
It Must of fallen off That FENCE
Lets go Jump It
HEY WHATS THIS
KEEP OUT
GO BACK
THIS IS GETTING CREEPY
To Much To Much
OUTFRONT EXPERIMENT LAB
PHEW THERES A Clearing Coming up
MY GOD WHATS THAT

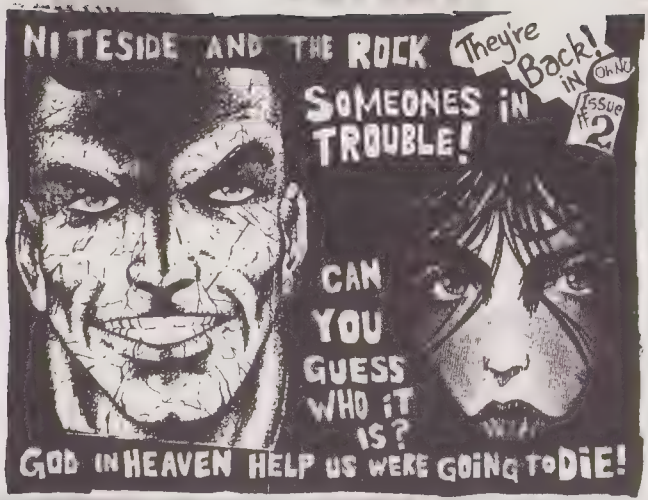
4
NEVER HEARD OF THIS PLACE BEFORE
LETS GO DOWN AND SEE WHATS GOING ON
TIPY Toe Tipy Toe
Hey It looks like a Meeting Going on
ITS THE BOSS
OKAY BOYS, TODAY IS THE BIG DAY. IN ONE HOUR, AT EXACTLY MIDDAY, THE OZONE LAYER WILL TOTALLY DISSAPEAR. WE CAN FINALLY GET RID OF OUR EXCESS STOCK OF SUN SCREAN LOTION. PROFESSER, FILL THEM IN
THATS Right, FOR Years our stock have taken a beating from all this talk of banning flourocarbons. But we took an Initiative. We have been stockpiling huge amounts of sunscreen lotion while pouring excess flourocarbons into the atmosphere to break down the ozone layer. Whithin 24 hours sunscreen will be worth more than its weight in Gold. We will all be imensity rich Ha Ha
Jesus their crazie if they think skin cancers gunna be the only problem
Were all gunna be pelted with radiation. Our immune systems will colaps, vegitation will wilt and die. What are we going to do
Lets Panic
Scientists have reported drastic reductions in ozone levels around the world. Citizens are advised not to go outside without sunscreen lotion
OH Dear
OKAY BOYS, ITS TIME, Lets GO outside
THE FINAL TOUCH
PSST
Natures choice
Yah
My God
SIZZZ
Yeow
ACKRRR

MICK WINER.


HUMAN NEUROSES · PART 684,912,849
PRIVATE EYE
Paranoia
IS MY HAT TOO CONSPICUOUS? IS MY TRENCHCOAT ON RIGHT? ARE THERE ENOUGH FINGERS ON MY LEFT HAND???


THE NOTORIOUS AND INFAMOUS "LEG STALEGTITE"; FOUND IN SOME EUROPEAN CAVES. KNOWN TO LASH OUT ON UNSUSPECTING TOURISTS, HIKERS AND FISHMONGERS
A FISHMONGER


MR. GRANDMEYER
SECONDS BEFORE MAKING HIS FIRST FATAL MISTAKE ABOUT PATTING SAVAGE DOGS.
YIP
YAP
YIP
YIP
BARK
BARK
GRRRR
ARF
ARF
ARF
ARF



Brigid Bolt

Never fear, Brigid's here. Yes, a whole comic featuring everyone's favourite Cocktail Connoisseur in adventures from her early days at the "Sun Herald" and several full length stories previously unpublished. She's the calm in the eye of the storm – the Queen of Cool and she'll break your heart!

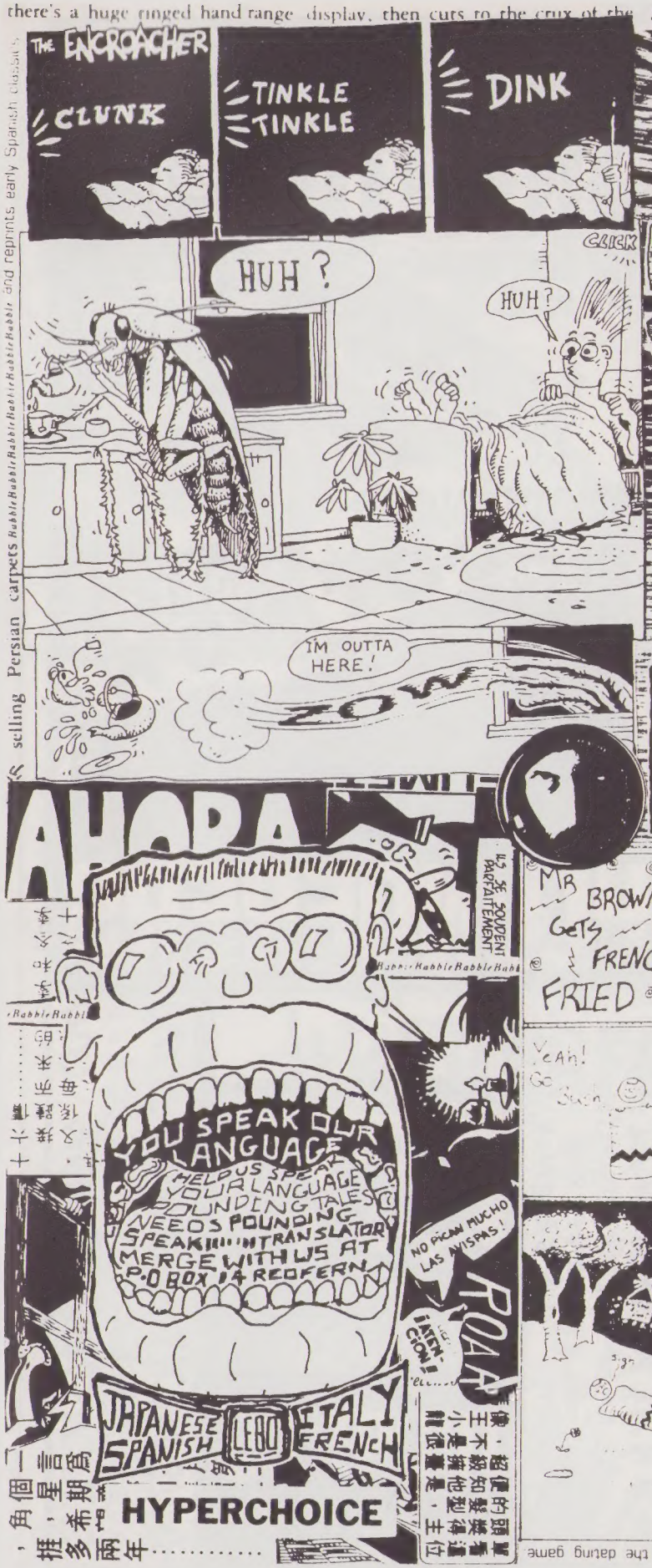
Love & Rockets

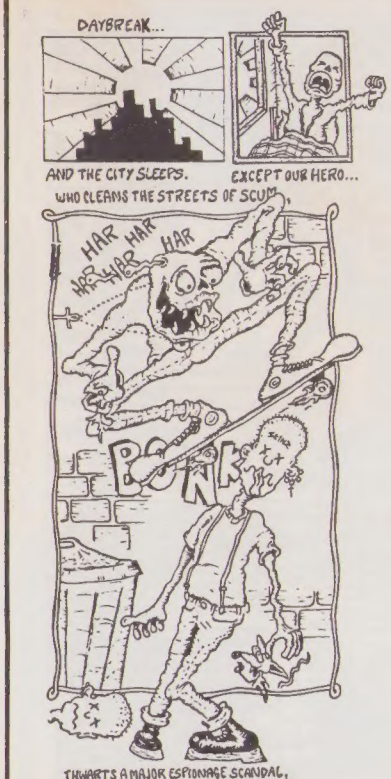
If you haven't visited PALOMAR, welcome to the magic of BETO (Godfather of Soul) Hermandez. Village life in Spanish America, gutsy and sad. Jaime Hernandez's backup is slipping, but BETO gets better and better.

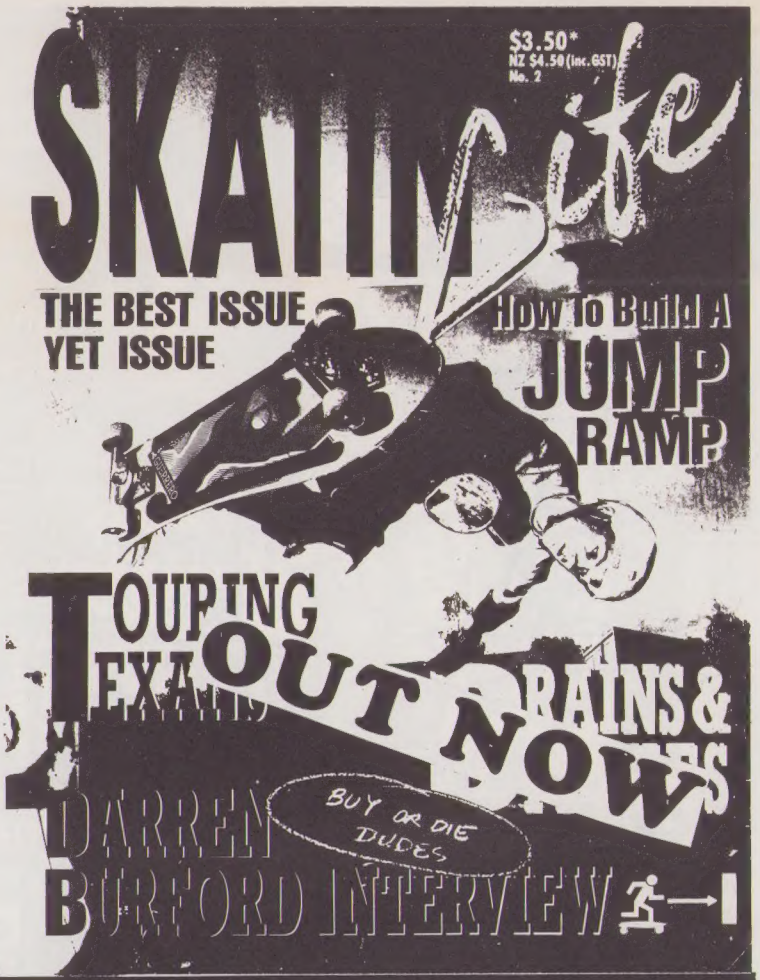
Eureka

A new Australian comic with 3 features: a fast search-and-destroy number by Steve Stamatiadas, a jokey lyrical trip from talent Michael Dubliewicz, and a promising sci-fi lead by Andrew Kent. The whole package is very promising, only the title stinks!

there's a huge ringed hand range display, then cuts to the crux of the gossip and insult their neighbours blonde apparently mad violently stabbing the air, the jewel flashing incessantly dressed up like Kathleen for hours, with the price of these young upstarts Cairo imports and observe the channels and a slick Iranian irony of the dating game


THE ENCROACHER
CLUNK
TINKLE TINKLE
DINK
HUH ?
CLICK
HUH ?
IM OUTTA HERE!
ZOOM
ACHTUNG SKATERS!
IF YOU CAN TRACK IT DOWN MAKE SURE YOU BUY CANBERRA BASED SKATE RAG
SK8 2 KR8
FEATURING POUNDING ART BY
AHORA
YOU SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE
HELP US SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE POUNDING TALES NEEDS POUNDING SPEAKING TRANSLATOR MERGE WITH US AT P.O BOX 14 REOFERN
JAPANESE SPANISH LEBO ITALY FRENCH
HYPERCHOICE
NO PICAN MUCHO LAS AVISPAS!
ROAR
MR BROWN GETS FRENCH FRIED
Sometimes I hate Humanity.
I Just Want to Get away From it all.
Yeah!
Give My head A Rest
Stare into the Endless VOID OF the NIGHT Sky
BOND CORP
Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit Rabbit





PLUNDERERS

5 TRACK MINI ALBUM
INCLUDES "JUST QUIETLY" "SWALLOW IN" "BELIEVE ME" "END OF YOUR WORLD" AND "TRUSTED" ON GREEN VINYL!

TRUST US

GREEN FEZ

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P.O. BOX 316 DARLINGHURST NSW 2010
BUY IT FROM Y'FAV RECORD STORE

* more info... *

Also on the cards is possibly the most important work, in political and global terms, that Alan's undertaken yet. *Brought To Lightia* joint project between Alan and Bill alongside Joyce Brabner (*Real War Stories*) and Tom Yeats, is going to blow the roof off American political culture for years to come. No joke. It's the work that has been commissioned by the voluntary American pressure group The Christic Institute, a forceful body of people based in Washington who are sussed enough to realise the power of the comic medium. The Institute has initiated many triumphant political investigations in the past – from bringing damages against the Ku Klux Klan after the Greensburg shootings to exposing the Contra link six months before the rest of the world got hold of it. But this undertaking is bigger than all that – Oliver North and chums are just the tip of the iceberg. *Brought To Light* (subtitled 'Flashpoint and Shadowplay') is to be published by Eclipse and Warner Books; Joyce and Tom handle the 'Flashpoint' section, whilst Alan and Bill sink their teeth into 'Shadowplay': the true history of the CIA and a Palestinian/CIA linked group called 'The Secret Team'. From Cuba to Miami, through fixed Australian elections, CIA funding in Central America and New York cocaine rackets, this work will cause ripples so big they'd be a surfers paradise. I'm not saying anything more, neither's Alan, but, as he says, the next couple of years are looking good for comics..... ☺

* THE SONNEL BROTHERS NOW - *

we've moved...
WATERFRONT
RECORDS
HAVE, DO, AND ALWAYS WILL STOCK ALL THE COOLEST SHIT... SO TAKE NOTE.. THE GROOVERS MECCA IS RELOCATED
AT:-
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near: CENTRAL STATION
Hard to find??
...There is no other...
WRITE FOR MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE - ALL HARDCORE, PUNK, AND TOUGH MUSIC, MAN...
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POUNDING TAILS
NASTY BOY